

THE

WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year. No. 26.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioneer.

Price, 5 Cents.



"MEN OF 'A' COMPANY: PREPARE TO MEET YOUR GOD; FORWARD! CHARGE!!"

(See Article on page 4.)

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

A sermon in shoes.—Dr. Cuyler.

Life's true Ullinlarin.—Dora Green-well.

God Almighty's gentleman.—Hare.

The greatest freeman in the world.—Sibbes.

One whose faith is as sure as his sense.—Hall.

One who speaks and does what the devil hates.—Bucholter.

One whose feet stand where other men's heads are.—Gurnall.

The most jocund, blithe, and gay person in the world; always in humor and full of cheer; continually bearing a mind well satisfied, a light heart and calm spirit, a smooth brow and serene countenance, a grateful accent of speech, and a sweetly composed tenor of carriage.—Barrow.

Not a man who has expelled from the mind one theory, to give place to another; be is a man humbled, who feels that he can live only upon mercy; who adores, who believes that mercy; who nourishes himself upon the promises of God as his only hope, who continually renounces himself, and devotes himself daily to the Saviour.—Vinet.

Letters from the South African Battlefield.

ADJUTANT MURRAY'S LETTER.

(Continued from last week.)

Spiritually, every little effort we have put forth has been warmly appreciated. No better proof can I give of how eager the Christian Indians are for spiritual help than the following:

One afternoon I had handed in to

The Colonel of the Dorsets

a request that certain men, whose names were enclosed, might have a special pass, so as to be able to attend a meeting. I returned straight home, half-an-hour's walk, and within a quarter of an hour of my return the colonel had sent an order, by which a most gracious sanction; almost in his step came a hand of Dorsets, and in spite of torrents of rain, and the fact that two at least of our Dorset friends were wet and had no coats, a very happy, bright meeting followed. A little book, "Serve Thyself," by Mrs. Booth, which I gave to one of the men, and which he passed on, has been the means of the conversion of one dear lad.

Some weeks ago, in the English papers, among the killed appeared the name of Private Marshall, 1st Gloucesters. That was all; now, at last, we know how this our Leaguer comrade died.

"The morning of the fight he prayed long in his tent," says Private Skeeton, saying to the men, "I know I shan't return." During the day a stretcher-bearer, returning for the fourth time, was hit and fell next to Marshall, who

Smiled and Passed Away.

Chiveley.

Capt. Ashman left Chiveley yesterday, and advanced with the Second Brigade.

Three more new Leaguers enrolled before Chiveley camp was struck.

We were started last night about nine o'clock by a star shell being fired over our house; six were fired over the hills on the Boer position, the shell as it burst illuminating the valleys.

We are eagerly awaiting, and yet dreading, what news the next few days will bring. Our one comfort is that, as far as our power, we have told forth the saving power of God.

Reader, God may not have called you to the front, but will you not help us to spread the good tidings; will you not share the joy of knowing you, too, are helping these boys, so bravely fighting, so bravely dying? You cannot come with us to camp to camp, but you

can help us by lifting our financial burden, by gifts of various kinds, such as Bibles, Testaments, books, biscuits, Crys, and handkerchiefs. When the men, out of their little, unskipped—but because they want God's people—give so gladly, I feel I need not press you to do what you can, for, like silver bells, the message rings, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—M. Murray. Adj.

—O—O—

VIII.

HOW HE SPENDS HIS DAY.

An account of how our day is spent might interest some. I have been working alone for nearly a month, the Captain being about forty miles from here, working among the refugees at Queens-town. This is a day's work for myself: Rise at 6 a.m., prayers, fetch water from railway station, light camp-fire, and make breakfast. After breakfast, Bible-reading (Exodus chapters x. to xii.), prayer, clean up tent, visit the village three miles distant to do some shopping;

Met a Trooper of Erabant's Horse, tackled him about his soul. Says he expects to die and wishes to be prepared. Would not yield then, but faithfully promised to get away to the hills and seek pardon from God. Back to camp at 11.30, light fire again, make dinner. After 30, five minutes of prayer and my Bible. Again fetch water from station, wash two weeks' linen and dry it. Prayer. Visit tents of camp hospital, each tent accommodating six men. Visit eighteen, read Bible in twelve, pray in sixteen. Back to my tent, light fire, make some tea. After cleared away, prayer and select Bible-reading for men. After this, visit seven Army Service Corps tents, each containing twelve men. Read Bible in three, pray in four, having to finish them as "lights out" has sounded. Home to tent at 9.15 p.m.; prayer till 10.15 p.m. Coats down, turn in all standing, and lie hard till morning. This was yesterday's program.

At each visitation I have distributed War Cry and Gospel, illustrating yesterday's reading of Exodus x., clouds of locusts have to-day filled the air, resembling a heavy snow-storm.

—O—O—

IX.

SOMEbody's SON.

The Captain has arrived back here since writing, and we have held some splendid meetings. We are believing for some mighty results. Before you receive this we hope to have another tent in full swing, to be used for Bible-reading and light refreshments for the men. We find this is needed, and we shall be able to supply them at almost cost price. After holding at open-air, a man came running after us, saying God had convicted him of sin through the meeting. He said, at the sight of the Army uniform

A Lump Came in His Throat,

as he was a backslider. He has promised to get converted before end of week. His father is drummer at a prominent London corps. In all probability we should have been present at the last engagement at Stormberg had not an error been made in a wire from Cape Town, saying, "Proceed to Kimberley." Truly, "God's ways are not our ways."

In closing, I may add that we are well and strong, spiritually and physically. We need your prayers in helping us make our mission a success.

Irish Wit.

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs. — tried to tell her to wash her face without offending, and at last resorted to strategy.

"Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said that if you wash the face every day in hot soapy water it will make you beautiful."

"Will it?" asked Bridget. "Sure it's a wonder ye never tried it, ma'am."

"The above will do to go with another."

Cardinal Manning met one day a drunken Irishman on a London street, and said:

"Patrick, I have joined the Temperance Society."

"Perlups your riverence needed it," was Patrick's reply.



THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER I.

ÆNEAS.

Westward from Greece another peninsula stretches south into the Mediterranean, somewhat resembling a large riding boot. Its centre is traversed by the Apennine Mountains, running from the Alps in a south-easterly direction. The peninsula is called Italy. Its plains and valleys, sheltered from the north wind by the Alps, and well watered by the mountain streams, are fertile and possess an excellent climate, which attracted tribes to settle there further back than history records. It is, however, fairly certain that these tribes came from the same Indo-Germanic stock from which the Greeks and the Anglo-Saxons descended. Language is the best characteristic to trace nations to their origin; the tongue which became pre-dominant in Italy, and which was most polished in later times, was Celtic.

In the centre of Italy flows westward from the Apennines, the River Tiber, winding its rapid course between seven low hills. One of these, the middle one, was higher than the six which gathered it, and this was the spot where the great Roman power began.

Several nations lived around the hill, the chief ones being the Etruscans, Sabines, and Latins. The Etruscans built very strong cities without mortar, and had a good system of city drainage. Many relics of that superior people remain to this day. They believed in one great Soul of the World, and in reward and punishment after death.

The Sabines and Latins were more like the Greeks, who had many settlements in the south of Italy; they believed in a multitude of gods, like the Greeks. The Latins were less devoted and thoughtful than the Greeks, but more enduring and business-like.

On the whole, the history of Rome was not written, nor celebrated in song until long after the Romans had become a powerful nation. The poet Virgil gives us the earliest record in his songs.

In our Greek history we mentioned the burning of Troy after its capture by the Greeks. The Trojan Prince, Æneas, rushed back to his home, when he saw that the city was lost, took his father, Anchises, on his back, and led his son, Iulus (or Ascanius), by the hand, while his wife, Creusa, followed, with all the Trojans who could gather arms. The little band escaped to Mount Ida, except Creusa, who was lost in the crush. From the trees of Mount Ida Æneas built some ships in which he set forth in search of his new home, which the gods had chosen for him. He had to face many mythical adventures he reached Ephrus, where his cousin Helenus lived, who gave him much good advice. By this advice the Trojans sailed round the south of Sicily.

A little tempo drove the ship to the south, until they reached a beautiful bay. Here the adventurers landed and rested round a fire, while Æneas went in search of food. After travelling through the forest he found a beautiful city being built. He entered one of the temples and beheld there the story of the Siege of Troy depicted. While weeping over it a beautiful queen appeared in the temple. Her name was Dido, and her husband had been King of Tyre, but had been murdered. His murderer meant to have married Dido, but she fled with a few faithful followers and her husband's treasures, and had landed on the north coast of Africa. From the ruler of the land she begged as much land as she could cover with a bullock's hide. Having received this permission she cut up the hide into fine strips, and so measures enough ground to build a splendid city which she named Carthage.

She received Æneas very friendly, hoping to make him her husband. Æneas felt very happy, and would have stayed had not the gods reminded him of his destiny. He obeyed the call and set sail. Dido was so grieved at his departure that she had a great funeral pyre built, laid herself on top, and stabbed herself with Æneas's sword.

The Trojans saw the flames of the pyre without knowing their meaning.

At last Æneas landed in Italy, near Gaeta, and made friends with King Latinus, who promised him his daughter, Lavinia, in marriage. Another faithful soldier, who had been a savior of Lavinia, objected, and was only conquered after much fighting. Æneas and Lavinia married and founded the city of Alba Longa, where he reigned until he died, and his descendants reigned for fifteen generations after him.

(To be continued.)

GEMS OF TRUTH.

"The eternal life, the life of faith, is simply the life of the higher vision. Faith is an attitude—a mirror set at the right angle."

"Complete truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. Even those who regard themselves as absolutely truthful are daily guilty of over-statements and under-statements. Exaggeration is almost universal."

"A duty is not to be shirked because it is disagreeable; but if it can be made agreeable, by all means make it so."

"Everything that multiplies the ties that unite man to man makes him better and happier."

"The pleasure of giving is a necessary element in true happiness; but the poorest can have it."

"There are some people who keep their morality in the pocket: it is a stuff of which they never make themselves a coat."

"Too many Christian soldiers are of a retiring disposition."

"There is no possession of Christ without confession of Him."

"The furrows of affliction become flumes for the flow of mercy."

"The silent Christian does not exist, for, being dead, he yet speaketh."

"The knowledge of sin does not always lead to its acknowledgment."

"He who buys popularity at the price of character is robbing the world of manhood."

"If the stars went out of business because they were not suns the night would be drear."

MY SINFUL TEMPER.

"The Sun of God was made manifest that He might destroy the works of the devil; that is, that He might take away all the sin out of our hearts and tempers. Not that He should destroy His own works in us, but that all the sin and pollution might be taken out, so that we are pure and right in His sight, and that all our passions, our passions, and talents, are consecrated to God and His service, where once they were in the service of sin and Satan. I remember when I had a nasty temper that would make me curse and swear. I remember when I used to look after cattle, and poultry, and how cruel I used to be to them at times, when I got out of patience. I would think nothing of

Throwing Missiles at the Fowls, and breaking their legs or otherwise injuring them, and also pounding and ill-using the cattle; but after I was over my temper I would be sorry and ashamed of myself only to fall into the same sin again, and, oh, the trouble and fighting I used to get into from my temper; but the fact was I was bound by the chains of sin, and could not deliverance till I found it in the Blood of the Crucified One. I am writing of particular sins, I have written before of other sins, and will write of different sins in future, as I think it brings to our minds more clearly and vividly the many sins we have been saved from. May the Lord bless these few words.—Treas. Can-bin, Halifax I.

From the South African Battlefield.

Not wholly lost, O Father, is this evil world of ours,
Upward through its blood and ashes spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still Thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

FROM OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT, STAFF-CAPT. STEVENS.

The disembarkation of troops at the docks continues almost without intermission, and the human stream northwards is noiselessly maintained. New comrades arrive with every fresh regiment, and the Salvation Army becomes more and more powerfully represented, to the joy and satisfaction of our special officers at the front, who bear eloquent testimony to the assistance they receive from our military comrades in a host of directions.

It is not only in camp that our Leaguers are permitting their light to shine to God's honor and glory, but on board ship, also, they are doing a great salvation work. Especially has this been so during the recent voyage of the troopship "Brittanic" to Cape Town. Quite a number of comrades were on board, including several Reserve-men, and these assisted in organizing a series of meetings, and so effectively tackled the sinner that something like thirty conversions had been recorded by the time the vessel dropped anchor in Table Bay, on Sunday morning last.

Among the Birds of Passage.

Among the "birds of passage" at the local camps of Greenpoint and Maitland our officers, both Staff and Field, have been actively engaged of late, with most encouraging results. The open-air meetings are largely attended, and the distribution of Army literature is much appreciated. At most of the corps meetings at Cape Town and vicinity the military element is strong, and not a few soldiers of the Queen have come out for salvation at the penitent font.

The Army is appreciated wherever it pitches its tent, and it is not an uncommon thing to see in the camps two or three hundred "Tommys" standing around our open-air rings, drinking in the blessed truths of salvation. The Imperial officers, from the General of the Division to the subaltern, are sympathetic, and we are indebted to many little acts of kindness on their part.

Capt. Ashman to the Relief of Ladysmith.

Capt. Ashman, who is with the 2nd Brigade, started with 18 men to the relief of Ladysmith last week. His letters are now headed, "Six miles from somewhere." He writes after a flying visit to Estcourt:

"Arrived at Chiveley 1.30 p.m., and then walked the 10 miles to camp. At 4 a.m. camp was struck. The East Surreys took my tent and bags. We started at 7 a.m., numbers of the poor fellows having to fall out, and what with carrying their kits and rifles for them, I feel a little stiff this morning."

Two days later the Captain writes as follows:

"Am writing while I have an opportunity. We had a nice meeting last night, about 250 present. Major Truby, of the East Surrey, came and spoke a few words and remained to the close. . . . One of our lads has just told me he is going to give one day's pay to the work every week. Yesterday he gave me his first donation of ten shillings. It is fearfully hot here and very boggy. In the mornings it is as wet in the tents as out."

The last news of Capt. Anderson, who is with General Gatacre's column, was a letter from Lieut. Warwick, in which he gave the sad news that we had lost, at Stormberg, our dear brother-in-arms, that Private Sparrow, of the same regiment, was wounded and taken prisoner. Lieut. Warwick adds:

"We visit one camp each day. The camp here presents a strange sight, about eight miles in circumference and surrounded by mountains. We hope to make many Leaguers."

Last Letter from Capt. Ashman.

Capt. Ashman's last letter was dated the 10th, from Springfield:

"We were called at 2.30 this morning to strike tent, and arrived here at 11 a.m., about four hours before the baggage, and got wet through. May have an engagement at any time."

"Received £1 donation. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the officers."

"From Leaguers I have received some most interesting letters. One dear fellow writes:

"We left Fere for ——. We lay upon the ground until the early part of the next day. We are having some hard work, murching and by exposure in the heat of the day and the chillness of the nights. We have to thank God for the wonderful way He has kept us. I expect we shall have another stiff brush with the enemy. I do rejoice that God knows all, and, therefore, I have nothing to fear; my only desire being that God may give me the

On Wednesday the Young Men's (Christian) Association Hall was crowded to welcome the Commissioner. He left on Thursday, leaving a cheered and blessed band of officers behind him.

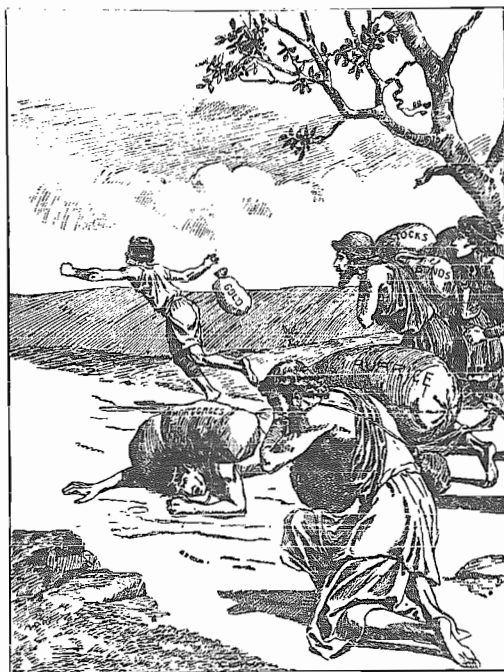
"Facts of much interest I have to hold over, as the mail goes to-day. "Gifts to the value of over £15 have been received during the last few days in aid of our work. God greatly bless the givers!"

From Adjutant Murray.

Still in Natal the terrible suspense lasts. General Buller is slowly moving forward; heavy firing has, and is, taking place, but beyond that everything is conjectural. With heavy hearts those who have loved ones up with the fighting columns wait and wait for news, and yet, when it comes, dread in case, in that small type headed "Casualties," the name of husband, son, or brother should appear.

Bravely those whose husbands and sons are shut up in Ladysmith work day after day to relieve the refugees and send little comforts to the troops. God's eye alone fathoming the dread trouble in their hearts. We, who know so many lads, have fought the fight of faith side by side, knowing, too, of the wife and little ones at home waiting with aching hearts for what the next few days will bring.

QUAINT ILLUSTRATED RHYMES.—No 5.



"Who carry baggage will be sure to find That in the race they're sadly left behind."

strength to do my duty as a good soldier of my Queen and country, and as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—J. S.

"This comrade encloses ten shillings as an offering to God."

Beer Prisoners.

Another comrade writes from Orange River: "I am on guard over the Beer Prisoners, but, of course, cannot speak to them; we are not allowed to. They have a prayer and hymn before they go to sleep every night, so, you see, they know about the Master."

"All the Natal Naval and Military Staff, with the exception of Captain Ashman, who is with the 2nd Brigade, gathered together to meet the Commissioner. The little Home was full of bustle. Brigadier Howe, Adjutant Morris, and Major Smith accompanied the Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey.

Interested residents of Estcourt. "The Home at Pietermaritzburg is doing well."

Extract of Letter to Major Allen.

Private Elseygood, of the 13th Hussars, writes:

"Dear Major, I have a photo here, slightly soiled; it has been through several sermanges, and through the battle of Colenso. I am sending it to you, Major, as a relic for yourself, and should it please God to call me home—He will be done—the photo, although soiled, will bring to remembrance one of your lads, who is waiting up aloft for you. I have no fear, knowing full well sudden death means sudden glory. The navy guns keep booming at the monster hills in front of us, doing fearful damage. But when we take them, Major, you know the result—it's awful. Yet we rest in His love, for He knows. We are not allowed to leave our guns, and are often, for we have to patrol and scout as well as commandeer cattle and fowls. I begin to think I am a cowboy with my 'Ho! hi!' I shall be pleased if the day will soon come when He will put me and my fellows on these lands, where I can see every time we leave camp, scores of carcasses of poor dead horses, and great heaps of moults, which tell of poor lads who met on our way, and whose loved ones, but who were true till death."

A graphic account of the Cape Town Hospitals next week.

FROM A FORMER BERMDUDA LEAGUER

Slingersfontein, Cape Colony.

To the Canadian War Cry.—

Dear Comrades,—After having been disappointed in our program, which you are doubtless aware, read, "2nd Worcestershire Regiment from Bermuda to Halifax," we find ourselves amidst the horrors of war on the South African soil, under the direct command of our trusted general—General French. God willing, I am ready to do my utmost to uphold the honor of dear old England, although we all deplore the serious loss of life which is taking place in about our neighborhood. We cannot fail to see God's hand working amidst it all. The Spirit of God is working, I'm sure, and although those with whom He is dealing have a hard and arduous task, are tempting to make fun of it, yet we are believing for results before long.

Our boys of the Military League are a regular go-ahead set of Christians, and are sticking to the "old colors" beautifully, letting their light shine wherever they are, and through our Secretary, Bro. Howe, is detached from the regiment, he being one of the Mounted Infantry Company, our beloved leader, Major Allen, of London, took the precaution of appointing two of our ranks as Brigade-Sergeants, viz. Bros. Adams and Woodhouse. We have them as Captains pro tem, and jolly good ones they make, too, ever keeping the fact before our eyes that Jesus is our stronghold, and that the same power that saved us from the world's snares, when stationed in the fair land of Lillies, Bermuda, is equally as efficacious in our present situation to keep us true to Him. My heart seems to glow with the love of Christ burning within, knowing that no matter whatever happens, whether it be weal or woe, I am ready to meet God with a smile, and it is with joy that I thank Christ that through the medium of the S. A. in Bermuda, and the officers then stationed there, I am what I am.

At present our regiment is employed on the most harassing duty of all—outposts—and it is seldom we Leaguers get a good chance to speak to each other, but when we do we have generally something to consider regarding the extension of Christ's Kingdom, which would only take up your time to give you in detail. Enough for me to say, we are fighting as hard as possible for the extension of the Kingdom. I am,

Yours in Christ and the S. A.

G. C. K., Corps Cadet.

Self-partiality hides from us those very faults in ourselves which we see and condemn in others.

How the Naval and Military Work Goes.

The following are extracts from Adjutant Murray's weekly letter to the Foreign Secretary:

"I am spending about £20 in getting the neutral for the marquee which has been lent by the Army Equipment Supply Co. In addition to what I am spending, perfect strangers to me have given a stove and groceries to the value of £15. No words can describe the kindness we are meeting with on every side."

"The Naval and Military Work is now in full swing. Each section is well in touch with the men. Leaguers are being put in touch with different officers, and a careful record is kept when the men were last communicated with. Each officer sends a weekly report of the spiritual condition of every Leaguer in the camp or column."

"Ensign Hurley and myself are reg-

"GO FORWARD!"

By COMMISSIONER HOWARD, Secretary for International Affairs.

ALL the week I have been exercised about one little incident, which has followed me everywhere.

The incident has reference to the time when the Children of Israel had escaped from Egypt, and got on the edge of the Red Sea, and they were very much disheartened, and almost tempted to give up and go back. Moses himself was rather discouraged and downhearted about it; so he got on his face before the Lord, and asked, "What shall I do?" The Lord very soon ended the matter. He said to them just this—and these are the words which have been burning in my heart all this week: "Speak unto the Children of Israel, that they go forward."

The Key to Happiness.

I need hardly remind you that, if we can only get you to accept and carry out the message, we shall not only bring glory to God—not only shall we widen the circle which the Salvation Army may influence—but only shall we do more work—but I want to impress upon you that your own soul's happiness and well-being will be secured by complying with it. As to the question of going forward, I need hardly remind you that the very law of life and health is progress; that standing, staidness, weakness, disease, and death. It was so with the Children of Israel. There they were on the edge of the Red Sea, with Pharaoh's host behind them. I have often depicted in my mind this picture when I have gone up and down the Red Sea, and through the canal, and noted the point where it is said the Children of Israel passed over, and where Moses stood, and where Pharaoh's host was, which mark the site. I have been there seven or eight times, and I have pictured Pharaoh's host coming along behind them, with mountains on the right and left of them, and the sea in front. Yet at this crisis comes the word, "Stand up and go forward—progress or death."

Let "Well Alone" No!

And it is so in all the departments of life. There is nothing to be lamented of except stagnation. It is so with every corps. Let the soldiers cease to push on and strike out, and they will very soon get into a sort of decline; instead of growing larger, the concern will become smaller. The secret of going forward is in a man or a corps that there is real prosperity. Oh, the tendency to let well alone! Let me illustrate: Because you have got a decent platform, a decent band, a decent war section and good officers, you think you are in fine condition. Look out—that is not your security. I tell you, your security lies in going forward.

The other day, one of my children, who is a bit of a mechanic, was trying to construct a compass. He had got his needle and magnet and the whole concern nicely into shape.

One day from the table, he put it on the table, and I explained to him that, although well done, it was not quite true to the North Pole. As you turned it, sometimes it would stick. He remarked, "I will never let any one get it right." Keeping it in the trouble he had been at, his mother said, "If I were you, John, I would let well alone!" thinking it was a fair production for the boy. But he said, "No, no, mother; we must make well better."

Now, there are two applications I would like to make of this instruction to "go forward":

No Hurry for Heaven!

First of all, I need hardly say that God wants you to go forward towards the heaven of the future! These Israelites were going to the Promised Land, and what the Promised Land was to them, so heaven is to you. I am glad to hear that you are going to glory. Thank God, there is a heaven at the end of the journey! The Salvation Army is so occupied over the present that we don't think much about heaven. We are not in a hurry to get there, for long we can do something down here. Still, thank God, there is a heaven.

Then, you must go forward in your own spiritual experience, and in your efforts to bless and save others. These are the two thoughts which loom biggest in my mind this morning. I might turn to the War Cry and talk to you about your Commissioner's manifesto as to the winter campaign; but I just give you your marching orders: "Go forward!" I don't tell you you won't have to face difficulties, because going forward does involve the facing of difficulties. If we get sinners to this point of view, I don't want to down to them and tell them they are going to get to heaven without having to face difficulties. Those of us here who have been saved for some time and have been trying to do something for God, know that there are obstacles many and great. Those Israelites had their wilderness to go through, their poverty and their physical suffering to endure. So will you; you cannot make progress in your soul without difficulties. But while there are difficulties, thank God there is abundant encouragement! You have God's promises, you have His dealings in the past with you; you are all intended to strengthen your confidence.

Now, can you turn your face and heart to the Lord this morning and say you have gone forward? Some of you can, I hope; but is there nobody here this morning who has to confess, "O Lord, instead of going forward, I have gone back in my soul? I am not even what I used to be, to say nothing about what I ought to be?" This is a beautiful thing to have your sins pardoned when you get a clean heart? That is, have you gone on to realize, not simply that your sins, which were many, are all forgiven, but that the Blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed your heart and purified your nature? That the Holy Ghost lives in your soul and has His own way with you?

Where are You Now?

I will come closer to some of you. Some of you have a clean heart once. But you have not let it this morning. The experience you once had is behind you; you are tempted to live in the past and say, "So many months, or so many years ago, because I went out to the penitent form I asked the Lord to give me a heart, and He did it, therefore I have it this morning." No, no; you can't live in the past! My question is, Where are you now? Have you gone back in your soul? You can't go back to the Lord; you declared how you would be devoted entirely to Him, and make the doing of His will the joy and law of your own heart. That is the state of your soul this morning? Is that where you are, or have you gone back?

I do not ask whether you have gone back to the world—perhaps some of you have, I cannot say; but I ask whether you have gone back in your innermost experience as between your own soul and God; whether talking to God is the joy to you to-day that it used to be; whether the passionate love for souls which carried you out of yourself, and brought you into fellowship with Jesus Christ and His Cross, is filling you this morning—the joy of the Lord—the peace that passeth understanding, the love which knew no grudging or grudge-bearing, and no waiting in charity, and no pickings and choosings when God's will was concerned; the condition in which the pride, vanity and love of the world and other things have been expelled?

Where to Start From.

I say to you who have gone back, there must be a new start this morning from just where you are now. Some of you are standing, hesitating, discouraged; you don't know what to do. You have to go forward. In speaking to your soul, and has said, "Do this; go south; let this be the path of duty," and you say, "I don't know whether I can." You are just on the balance—waiting, and wondering, and hesitating. "Go forward!" That settle it. Start from just where you are; if you are all right, that is a splendid place to begin at.

If you say my soul is clear, the sky is clear, there is nothing blinding me;

here goes, faster and harder than ever!" that's right. But if you have gone back, in any condition this morning is unsatisfactory, never mind; just it just as it is. Perhaps you are struggling with the devil of temptation; never mind, that is the spirit to begin at. Perhaps you have gone back into sin; here you are this morning, start afresh. Say, "I will accept this instruction that I should go forward sharp in the direction of Calvary and service for Thee."

Now, I suggest that you must cut off and put away any accursed hindrances? Some people try to run in God's service, all loaded up with things that hinder and handicap. The General says some people try to go to heaven with clock-weights in their pocket, and it is sadly true. Some with habits, and some with indulgences. Let them all go! Whatever the cost, let your cry be, "Go forward!" I accept it this morning, and, by Thy grace, I will go forward; I will leave the things which are behind, whether they are good, bad, or middling, and reaching forth to those that are before, will press to Thy mark for me."

Prepare to Meet Your God!

(To our frontispiece.)

The fatal incident of the ambushade upon which a Highland detachment fell, is well known. The first deadly hail of bullets that struck the foremost company, killed the Captain and the Captain and lieutenant and a score of soldiers. The Sergeant, a Salvationist, leaped to the front and shouted: "Men of the A Company, prepare to meet your God! Forward! Charge!"

Like one man the remnant of the company advanced. Another volley mowed down the faithful Sergeant and many others. Only a few remained to describe the fearful slaughter.

Whether the grave of the Salvationist-Sergeant is marked or not, we cannot say; very likely he was one of a score that were buried in a common trench, but we think that the Angel of the Celestial Registry marked against his name the words:

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

As a soldier of his country's sovereign, he led on the men of his company after his superior officers were disabled; as a soldier of the King of Kings he exhorted the men under his charge to prepare to meet the final judgment, from which there is no return. He was faithful to his charge in every sense.

What a heroic example for all Salvationists. There is no duty of our daily occupation, no duty in some of our work, which we can't link with duties to God and conscience. We come in contact with people every day to whom our conversation and actions should be a constant preaching of the wedding sentence: "Prepare to meet thy God!"

Life's battlefield ever calls for heroes. The rank and file of Christianity is numerous—what is wanted are leaders! Men that will marshal others into lines of battle, and lead them and lead them on to victory.

Let our influence, therefore, be aggressive. Let the Kingdom of Heaven be won by violence, and let our preparation, be our watchword in the Holy War.

Love's Refusals.

No father who loves his child will give it everything it asks for. Not even if the child begs and weeps for the desire of its heart, will a true father give it what he knows to be for its harm. Refusing a child's wrong request is one of the evidences of a father's love. God loves His children more than any earthly father loves his. Because this is so, God will not answer every request of His loving child. If God answers every request, He knows better than God does what is for his true welfare, he ought to be glad that his most important prayers are not always answered. Let us thank God for His refusal to answer our prayers unless He sees that they are for our good.

We possess nothing eternally unless we are willing at any time to convert it into a sacrifice at God's command.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin

AT
LINDSAY AND UXBRIDGE.

It was with pleasurable anticipation that we looked forward to visiting our dear comrades in the Lindsay District.

It had been snowing, and blowing, and drifting for several days, and, consequently, instead of arriving at our destination at eight o'clock, it was nearly nine when we arrived, and we were delighted to see the smiling face and stalwart figure of Treasurer Mossely as he came to shake hands and bid us welcome.

LINDSAY.

Although a late hour, a nice crowd waited at the barracks for our coming, and a good, profitable meeting resulted.

Sunday's meetings were excellent throughout, both as to congregations and financials, more especially so as the streets were covered with deep snow, while the feathery flakes, carried by a piercing wind, added to the already accumulated mass. The day was overcast, but the brave Lindsay warriors from turning out to marches and meetings in strong force. Twenty-eight of us stood at the street corner and preached salvation to a score of made-by-stangers, huddled in the snow, who listened intently to the words of truth.

Sunday night, after a splendid meeting, we saw one soul at the Mercy Seat seeking salvation.

Monday morning we devoted to visiting the Captain and the writer called on our dear Father Goodenough, in his 74th year, nearing the brink of the river. It was a pleasure to be in the presence of this dear child of God. When questioned, he replied, "What else could I have; what other have I to depend upon?"

The afternoon was devoted to District inspection and interview. On Monday night we had a benediction and a special address by the P. O. Both the address and the benediction were greatly enjoyed, as was also the sweet singing, with guitar accompaniment, by Mrs. Gaskin. Altogether the evening's meeting was of times of real spiritual blessing.

UXBRIDGE.

Wedding of Capt. Liston and Lieut. Hart.

On arriving at Uxbridge we found Captain Liston bustling about like a miniature steam engine, getting ready for the great event that was to take place in the evening, as well as the wedding banquet.

Capt. Nelson pioneered the procession through the snow and ice. The barracks was comfortably filled with a splendid audience, which was in the best of humor.

The entrance of Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, with a world party and the smiling Captain was a signal for a round of cheers.

"There shall be showers of blessing" went with a swing. Capt. Porter prayed. Mrs. Gaskin sang: "I shall not be afraid, then came the wedding ceremony."

The responses were given in a clear, distinct tone, and the Captain was particularly pleased with the choice he had made.

When the knot was tied and the Brigadier had prayed for the contracting parties, the knot was sealed by the bridegroom greeting his new bride with a hearty kiss under the wave of the colors.

Capt. Nelson and Mrs. McDonald, sister of the bride, Capt. and Mrs. Liston, Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin gave short addresses, and the meeting was brought to a close.

A good crowd gathered at the bridal banquet, which was a first-rate affair. Everything passed off satisfactorily.

Uxbridge is on the up-grade. God is blessing the efforts of Capt. Liston, and we are all of faith that the future will be brighter than ever the past has been.—A Visitor.

God gives our vague wants back to us, reasoned, illumined, ordered, and we thank God for them, and we never suspect them, and in the very disclosure of our gravest wants making us feel more than ever like me.



March 12th, 1900.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The most important event which has taken place since the surrender of Cronje and the relief of Ladysmith, was the retreat of the Boers from Oosfontein. It appears that they were strongly entrenched there for some miles, but the mobility of General French's cavalry enabled the British to turn the Boer flank, which resulted in the precipitated retreat of the latter. The British captured a Krupp gun, a quantity of tents, fodder and ammunition. The latter was destroyed. — In Northern Cape Colony the Boers are retreating across the Orange River. Stormberg has been evacuated by the Boers, and has since been occupied by General Gatacre. General Clements has occupied Joubert's Stelling, near Colesberg, and has since advanced to Norval's Point, on the south bank of the Orange River. The Boers have blown up the bridge over the river at this point. — The Naval Brigade has left Ladysmith for Durban, and General Warren's force is reported to be leaving for Cape Colony. The Boers hold the Van Rensburg's Pass and Laing's Nek, the two passes leading from Natal into the Orange Free State and Transvaal respectively. The retreating Boer troops blew up every bridge and culvert on the railway lines. — Eight hundred cases of typhoid fever are in the Ladysmith hospitals. Supplies are plentiful there at present. — Making is in sore straits—food is giving out and horses, dogs, and other things are used to supply the daily siege soup. Disease is rampant. About three hundred persons have been killed, wounded, or died of disease during the siege. Colonel Baden-Powell with the remainder of his brave garrison is determined to hold out until relief comes. — President Steyn and Kruger are reported to have been both present at the night near Oosfontein, but were unable to stay the retreating Boers, who said that they were unable to stand against the British cavalry and artillery. — There appears to be no prospect of a near cessation of hostilities. — A rebellion in Griqualand is reported to be wide spread. — A small British

force has invaded the Transvaal at the border of Zululand, and entrenched themselves there to prevent cattle-raiding by the Boers. — There has been a re-arrangement of Boer Generals; General Joubert is reported to be now in supreme command.

—@!@—

MISCELLANEOUS.

Frictions between two Chinese Secret Societies have resulted in the killing of two, and the wounding of one prominent Chinese merchant. — J. S. Morgan & Co., of London Eng., have subscribed the sum of two and a-half million dollars to the Prince of Wales War Hospital Fund. — A strike of machinists at Chicago, threatens to assume large proportions. — The Indian rising in Yucatan is opposed by three thousand armed men. Thirty-two Indians have been killed in an engagement. — A case of bubonic plague has been discovered at Cape Town on board of a transport. — More than fifty men were killed by an explosion in the Isthmian Coal Mine, on the New River, West Virginia. — At Bordeaux, France, a number of students, issuing from a pro-Boer meeting, marched to the British Consulate, battered down the door and stoned the windows, after which they proceeded to the Consul's private residence, which they treated similarly. The French Foreign Minister has apologized to the British Ambassador for this outrage. — The National Patriotic Fund now exceeds \$157,000. — The C. P. R. passenger rates in Manitoba will be reduced to three cents per mile after the fifteenth of March. — Sixteen miners were killed by an explosion in a coal pit at Bosses, France. — The British steamer "Cavender," from Antwerp to Brazil, was sunk in collision with an unknown steamer. Three men out of a crew of fifty were picked up by a steamer; the rest, it is feared, were drowned. — The Mikado of Japan, has wired the Queen his sympathy and congratulations on the successes of British arms in South Africa.

Contentment is a Christian duty: satisfaction is not.

From the Coral Isles.

Hamilton, Bermuda.

In a soldiers' meeting a few weeks ago, seventy soldiers formed a ring around the barracks, and on bended knees renewed their vows to God.

—xxx—

See. Florry and Bro. Hastings, two Jack Tars and Salvation Army soldiers, left for England the other week.

—xxx—

Cpts. Goodwin and Cowan have arrived in Bermuda, and now have things in full swing at Somerset and Southampton.

—xxx—

The first Army wedding in Bermuda took place Jan. 24th, 1900. Bandsman T. Smith and Sergt. B. Smith were united under the flag. Your humble servant and the Rev. Mr. Shirley conducted the service. In spite of a pouring rain the hall was packed.

—xxx—

A letter is to hand from one of our Leaguers of the Worcester Regiment, now in South Africa, with the good news that

Twelve Souls had got Saved

aboard the S. S. Lintagel Castle, on the voyage from England to Cape Town.

—xxx—

Your humble servant enrolled thirteen recruits and commissioned eight Local Officers and seven bandsmen at Southampton the past month; also enrolled four recruits and commissioned nine L. O's at St. George's, and enrolled five recruits at Hamilton.

—xxx—

We have secured eight Auxiliary members during February, and sent Ensign Andrews, T. F. S., home happy.

—xxx—

Many of the church people of Bermuda are dear friends of the Army. The Christian Endeavorers of the Presbyterian Church invited Mrs. Miller and myself to their 5th Anniversary, Feb. 7th. We had a lovely time. Rev. Mr. Christie, Dr. Burrows, and Bishop Ussher (U. S. A.) were the speakers of the evening, and your humble dust was called upon for a few words. God bless the C. E., and all who are seeking the salvation of souls.

The second Army wedding in Hamilton took place Feb. 14th, when

Adjts. Matthews and Sergt.-Major Tatem

of the local corps, were made man and wife. Dr. Burrows and your humble servant conducted the service. In spite of a heavy rain-storm the hall was packed to the door.

—xxx—

During the past month we had a tea for the Military League, also a tea for the Band of Love, and lecture on India, by Lieut. Hinson.

—xxx—

Feb. 28th we had a Bandsman's Congress at Hamilton. St. George's Band, and Southampton Band, and Hamilton Band united. The bandsman's and officers' meeting in the afternoon was one of those never-to-be-forgotten times. Tea at five. A great musical meeting at night. We had a good crowd, and bandsmen and all went away greatly encouraged.

—xxx—

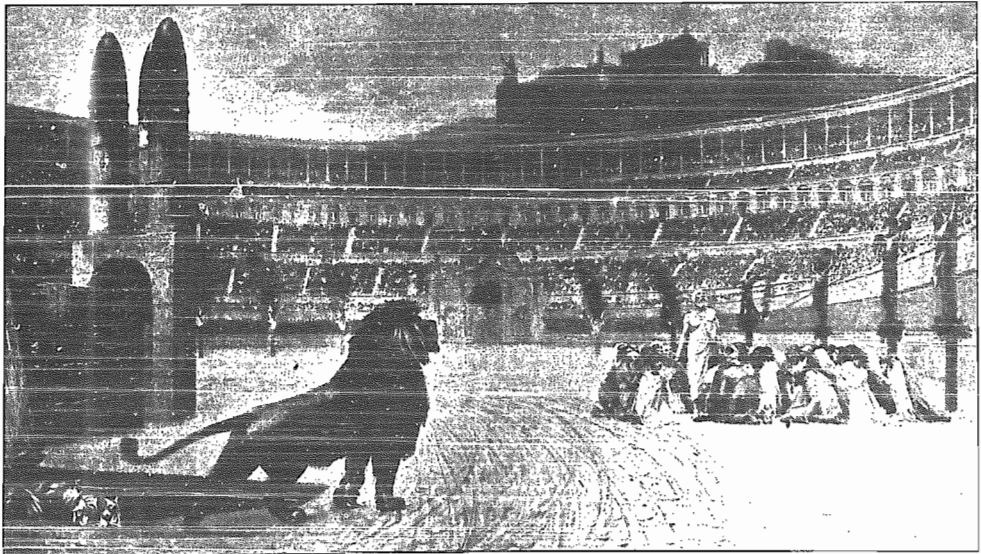
Every soldier and officers are up in arms for the Siege. G. Miller, Adjts.

Missions and Omissions.

Life without a mission is life with a tremendous omission. To leave off life's mission would be like leaving off the flanges of the engine's wheels or the rudder on the ship. Direction would be lost. Frank Bullen tells us, in his sea stories, that a cruel sport among the sailors is to catch a shark, and, having cut off its ventral fin, to return it to the water. It has no longer any power to direct its course, all its convulsive efforts merely send it shooting wildly to the surface. Even so do those treat our lives who would destroy the purpose, the mission, in them. Those who tell us that we can do nothing and are going nowhere are both false and cruel. The Divine voice tells us that there is a baptism to be baptized with, and that we are straitened until it is accomplished. Nothing is more deadly to a true life than the omission of its mission.

—@—

Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others; our conveniences should give place to the necessities of others; and even our necessities give way to the extremities of the poor. — John Howard.



THE LAST PRAYER.

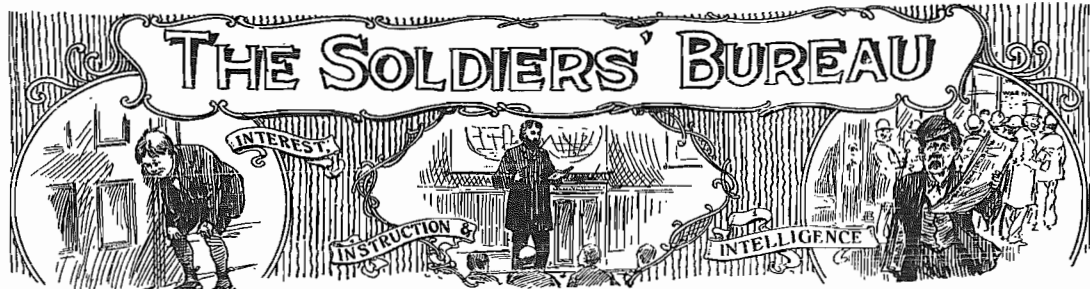
The triumph of Christianity over paganism could scarcely be depicted more powerfully than in the above reproduced painting. A little group of Christians—old men, young men, tender women, and children—condemned to death. Kneeling round the erect figure of an aged leader, without any fear, with that grand resignation to

the will of God which only sublime faith can give. In the background we see the amphitheatre crowded with thousands of spectators, eagerly waiting to see the victims torn to pieces by the wild beasts; every instinct of the beast aroused in humanity, and yet there were, doubtless, numerous hearts touched with the sublimity of

the Christian faith that could give such calmness and glorious anticipation in the hour of death, for we know that every Christian killed in the arena was the seed of a score of new converts. In the foreground the hungry brutes are just emerging from the opened trap-door, representative of the powers of the world that may kill the

body, but cannot harm the soul. Indeed the gentle and refining influences of Christianity have been shown amidst tears, and blood, and keenest suffering; and it is ever so. Paul's mission is to purify, to refine, and to bring out the best sensibilities of the soul. Indulgence coarsens and enervates. Self-denial ennobles.

THE SOLDIERS' BUREAU



Terse Topics.

ENLISTMENT.

Recruiting is a very important office in the ranks of the Queen. Soldiers told off for this duty pay special attention to their appearance and mode of dress in order to recommend the flag they represent and solicit the enlistment of others. Nor must recruiting be passed over as a secondary consideration in the great fight of faith in which we are engaged. Every Salvation soldier should possess the recruiting spirit and especially manifest it during the Siege. The soldier who believes and loves with all his soul the purposes and principles of the standard of Salvation will do all in his power to induce others to take their stand beside it for two reasons. First, he will naturally be anxious to see the cause of Christ in the Salvation Army upheld by a great and greater number. Second, he will be anxious to secure for others the privileges which Salvation soldiery gives to anyone for personal spiritual advance and service to the Kingdom of God. Where the Siege has already resulted in a harvest of souls, recruiting will not be difficult. There are but few cases where converts ought not to become soldiers. We must claim such for God and the Flag, seeking tact and grace to do it wisely and well.

SATURDAY.—"Where I am, there also shall My servant be."—John xii. 26.

Our whole anticipation,
Our Master's best reward,
Our crown of bliss is summed in this,
"For ever with the Lord."

What a Soldier x Should Know.

Why Uniform is Insisted on.

A neat, quiet dress pleases God in those who do not belong to the Army, which has greatly promoted all such unfashionable dressing; and for the soldier who has yielded himself or herself to God entirely for the war, and for the salvation of others, uniform is insisted upon for the following reasons:

1. It makes plain his identity.
 2. It opens numberless doors of opportunity.
 3. It is a great safeguard against mixing with doubtful and worldly associations.
 4. The saving of time, money, and thought it effects is incalculable.
- Hence the urgency of pressing every soldier to be an example in this matter.

Is the "Liberty of the Subject" Influenced?

Entire and absolute obedience to the teachings of the Holy Spirit is certainly insisted upon, and no matter who it interferes with, the Spirit must be obeyed. Obedience to the commands of those who are over them, as, for instance, in the case of a Captain and his soldiers, has a limitation, viz., lawful commands.

For example, a soldier would not be under any obligation to attend a meeting, if such attendance interferes with his duties to his employer or his family. A servant who was under an obligation to her mistress to be home at 9.30 could not be compelled by the Captain to remain till 10 o'clock, and so on.

How are the Churches Affected by the Salvation Army?

The Salvation Army has done a great deal to stir up the churches to good works, both by the example of sacrifice and the enthusiasm it has given to the world, as well as by its more direct influence. Many of the choicest spirits in the churches will bear witness of the blessing and inspiration we have been to them. Moreover, there are thousands of men and women to-day—respectable God-fearing, and consistent church members—who, but for the active and aggressive work of the Army, would have been still in the ways of sin. Though saved in Army meetings, circumstances prevented them becoming out-and-out soldiers, and churches have welcomed them, while our officers rejoice that they have been used to replace the brands from the burning. The Army cannot, certainly, be charged with sheep-stealing.

What is the Rule Respecting Drink?

The rule here is short and explicit. It is as follows: "No person can become, or continue to be, a Salvation Army soldier who takes intoxicating liquor."

The Army's Position Respecting the Sacraments.

It is quite true that the Salvation Army does not consider outward rites or observances to be of permanent obligation, under the "New Covenant" which Christ came to establish.

Outward rites and observances were among the special marks of the Old covenant, of which the New was to be the opposite.

The prophecy of Jeremiah is the only place in the Old Testament in which reference is made to the New Covenant, and we believe that when Christ said, "This is My Blood of the New Covenant," He appropriated to Himself this prophecy, and thereby proclaimed the Gospel to be a dispensation, not of types or symbols, but of spiritual reality.

His teaching, as in His parables, or in the command to wash one another's feet, was often in symbols; but ought always to be received in the light of His own declaration, "The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are life." His baptism is the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire. He is Himself "The Bread of Life." The eating of His body and the drinking of His blood, both essential to salvation, cannot be an outward act.

The new commandment under this New Covenant is, according to His teaching, that we love "As I have loved you," a love like His own, love grounded on the peace which He gives, and sustained and made fruitful by a continual participation in His life.

Language more explicit can scarcely be imagined than that referred to in the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which the Prophet Jeremiah portrays the distinguishing features of the New Covenant.

A Solitary Soldier's Story.

IV.

It was the first night of the dramatic entertainments. Curious rustics were looking to the brightly-lighted church-room, where all day extraordinary preparations had been going on.

But there was a counter attraction—we had almost said curiosity. Little Hexton was scandalized. Mrs. Parkyn, of "the shop" (who had hired the outfit in the place, thereby creating great jealousy in Mrs. Fellows, the miller's wife) to take her a distance which she had hitherto walked in three minutes, was almost puffed in her scorn.

There on the village green, in full view of the cloaked and hooded staid persons, totally untainted, stood the little governess, Bible and Soldiers' Song Book in hand.

"Is she doing the first part better?" queried a rough bystander.

"Hush," said another, "she's Salvation town. Them War Cryers she sells us awful downy objects for gossip. If she ain't a-goin' to tune us up, a protest, though but a feeble one, against the stage and its accompaniments hard by. The tea was broken. She would go again. Henceforth Little Hexton had a new object for gossip."

Every week that girlish figure upon the green became an expected sight. There was usually a fair knot of listeners, though the attractions were increased at tea and church-room to keep them away. The behavior fluctuated; sometimes there was comparative attention, at others a hubbub of noisy comments and a few stones flung. But what nearly disheartened Rachel was

that no actual or definite result was seen of her bold departure. True, the subjective influence upon her own soul was worth the weekly self-denial and effort, but the people for whom she labored looked as dark and unresponsive to her appeals as ever. They had so far relented as to let her visit them in their homes, and her skilful, loving touches round their sick beds were greatly appreciated, after the manner of Little Hexton. But for a time Rachel toiled on, as it seemed, fruitlessly. Those dramatic entertainments proved very much more in keeping with the village tastes.

At last one convert was made, and that the unlikely of all—the village chimney-sweep. He had long been considered the most depraved and hardest-hearted man in the place. But standing round those tiny operators of Rachel's, something in her words, backed up by the evidenced lonely courage of her convictions, reached the heart which was blackened by sins darker than his sooty trade mark. A long-dormant conscience was quickened, and Jim Masters became a changed man. Rachel Hargraves stood alone no longer, and with the sweep as lieutenant she would and did command a bigger crowd.

(To be continued.)

IF THE LORD SHOULD COME.

If the Lord should come in the morning—
As I went about my work—
The little things and the quiet things
That a servant cannot shirk,
Though nobody ever sees them,
And only the dear Lord cares
That they always are done in the light
Of His love and His grace.

Would He take me unawares?

If the Lord should come at noonday,
The time of the dust and heat,
When the glare is white and the air is still,
And the hoof-beats sound in the street,
If my dear Lord came at noonday,
And smiled in my tired eyes,
Would it not be sweet His look to meet?

Would He take me by surprise?

If the Lord should come at evening,
In the fragrant dew and dusk,
When the world drops off its mantle
Of daylight like a husk,
And flowers, their wonderful beauty,
And we fold our hands and rest—
Would His touch of my hand, His low command,
Bring me unloped-for rest?

Why do I ask and question?
He is ever coming to me.
Morning and noon and evening,
If I had but eyes to see.

And the daily land grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here!
I have only to sit at His feet.

Would He take me by surprise?

If the Lord should come at evening,
In the fragrant dew and dusk,
When the world drops off its mantle
Of daylight like a husk,
And flowers, their wonderful beauty,
And we fold our hands and rest—
Would His touch of my hand, His low command,
Bring me unloped-for rest?

Why do I ask and question?
He is ever coming to me.
Morning and noon and evening,
If I had but eyes to see.

And the daily land grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here!
I have only to sit at His feet.

Why do I ask and question?
He is ever coming to me.
Morning and noon and evening,
If I had but eyes to see.

And the daily land grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here!
I have only to sit at His feet.

Why do I ask and question?
He is ever coming to me.
Morning and noon and evening,
If I had but eyes to see.

And the daily land grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here!
I have only to sit at His feet.

Why do I ask and question?
He is ever coming to me.
Morning and noon and evening,
If I had but eyes to see.

And the daily land grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here!
I have only to sit at His feet.

Why do I ask and question?
He is ever coming to me.
Morning and noon and evening,
If I had but eyes to see.

And the daily land grows lighter,
The daily cares grow sweet,
For the Master is near, the Master is here!
I have only to sit at His feet.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"His servants shall serve Him."—Rev. xxii. 3.

"Shall serve Him hour by hour,
For He will show us how!
My Master is fulfilling
His promise even now."

—[X]—

MONDAY.—"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. xxxii. 26.

Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are, to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly only Thee to be.

—[X]—

TUESDAY.—"And he shall serve Him for ever."—Ex. xxi. 6.

He chose me for His service,
And gave me power to choose
That blessed, perfect freedom
Which I shall never lose.

—[X]—

WEDNESDAY.—"That the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in Him."—II. Thess. i. 12.

I would be my Saviour's loving child,
With a heart set free from its passions wild;
A mirror here of His light and love,
And a polished gem in His crown above.

—[X]—

THURSDAY.—"Letting us an example that ye should follow His steps."—I. Peter ii. 21.

Arise! To follow in His track, His lowly ones to cheer,
And on an upward path look back with every brightening year.

—[X]—

FRIDAY.—"For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain."—Phil. i. 20-21.

Just when Thou wilt! No choice for me!
Life is a gift to us for Thee;
Death is a hushed and glorious trust,
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ.



IN THE STEPS OR WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE ME DO? THE SECRET OF SPIRITUAL SUCCESS

BY ADJUT PHILLIPS, JAMAICA

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Then a little man got up, whose wife sat just behind him on the platform. He attracted attention by the long-tailed black coat that he wore, and a stuck-up white collar, that gave a churchy stiffness to his neck. Said he: "I'm a Seventh Day Adventist—or rather, the remains of one. I was one of the leading lights, and reside, as most of you know, in this village, and so have often attended the mission meetings. So have my wife and two daughters. I have been a Christian worker for some years, but did not experience conversion, so never spoke to anyone about it. There were a lot of people in this village who never could embrace my doctrines and join with me. Some laughed at me when I suggested such a thing, and I said that I was an old fool. (Laughter.) Don't laugh, friends, for they were quite right. (Cries of "Amen!") When the mission opened I saw that the promoters were wrong about the Sabbath question, but I hoped they would change all over. (Sensation.) So I was glad when I saw people getting converted. Our visiting Elder said I must try and get some of the converts to join us, so that they might not neglect the Sabbath zeal. I tried, but I was not successful. I brought along some paper and a piece of pencil so that I might write down the names of any who would consent. It was in the awakening that took place last month, when the meetings were kept late every night. I thought that as you were beating the bush, we would catch some of the birds. But some of the Adventist people came out to the pentecost form, with others, so I was much annoyed about it, and said they had disgraced themselves. Some others were going, but as I tried to stop them, saying that the pentecost form was not for them, but for sinners, they pushed past me saying that they knew better. Then I took out the piece of paper, and said to myself, "I'll write down their names and carry them up to the Elder." As I lifted up my eyes what should I see but my wife and two daughters kneeling at the pentecost form, alongside some street girls! (Cries of "Glory" and "Amen!") I hurriedly put the paper in my pocket, pushed my way through the crowd and ran home, cursing the mission and my wife as I went. Then I looked the door, saying I would see how my wife and daughters would get in. So I undressed and went to bed. I tried to sleep, but no sleep would come to my eyes. I turned from one side to the other, but in vain. In the distance I could hear singing. In fact, in the stillness of the night I could not help hearing it. Perhaps that is why I could not get the mission songs out of my head; they haunted me, but I was miserable. Talk about there being no hell—the hell was one inside of my heart. I got up once and began searching one of our Adventist books to see what it said about conversion, and about people being converted at the pentecost form, and could find nothing that would help me, so I threw the book across the room. Then I heard some people coming towards the house singing, and suspected that it was my wife, and others. Without hardly thinking, and they thought I turned the key in the lock, jumped into bed, and covered myself up, with my face to the wall, so that they might think that I was asleep. My wife and children came in singing, with one serving her and the other my bed down on their knees, thanking the Lord for converting them, and then—horror of horrors!—began praying for me, one after the other. I felt cold hands of sweet comfort on my brow, but did not move. One mind told me to get up and kick them out of doors, and another mind said I should get up and cry for mercy. I did neither. But later—the very next

night I was at the pentecost form myself. (Loud cheers and amens.) I'm converted now, praise God! And mean to go on to sanctification, although it will be hard for me to put on the uniform, after walking in cuffs and collars so many years. And I'm going to see whether I can't get your Elder, who is a well-meaning blind man, converted to-morrow. He is coming to visit me, but he will never knock out what God Almighty has put in. Friends, pray for me; pray for him, and those of you who are unconverted, pray for yourselves; and my words, and this warning which I give you in Christ's stead, if you leave this meeting to-night without being converted, it will be your own fault—not God's."

The testimony of these two comrades, which I have reproduced almost word for word, was listened to, I need hardly say, with wrapt attention. And what is more, they went home to the hearts of the people. We who sat upon the platform could read it in their faces.

Major Harding saw this, and, anxious to get into the prayer meeting early did not call upon either of the officers to speak. One of them was to have sung a song, to gather accompaniment, but it was postponed, and the hymn was given out:—



PLAN OF THE SIEGE.

February 25th to April 2nd, 1900

Enlistment Week—Sunday, March 25th, to Saturday, March 31st.

Universal Enrolment of Soldiers—Sunday and Monday, April 1st and 2nd.

"Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?"

A short Bible-reading by the Major followed, then the prayer meeting, which was a real battle between the powers of darkness and the powers of light; and the warfare, once the pentecost form until it was crowded with seekers. There were twenty-one in all. Rich and poor were there, young and old, shabby and fashionable—although of course, more of what we know as the "common people" from the days of our Saviour, than of the others.

I need hardly say that the names of all the converts were taken, together with their addresses, so that they might be visited at their homes the following day, and prayed with.

During the next two days about twenty others professed conversion, and the same sort of spiritual success attended the labors of the two classes when the Major left us. We had a large number of converts from the very first. What became of them? You couldn't see them, did you say? Perhaps you didn't want to see them, or you may not have come where you could have seen them. What a lot of things your next door neighbor has got that you have not seen!

A certain lawyer is said to have asked a witness how far he was

standing from a certain place on a certain occasion.

"Four feet, nine and three-eighths of an inch," he replied.

"Did you measure it?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," he replied.

"Why?" he was asked.

"Well," said the witness with a smile, "I anticipated your question."

I will anticipate somebody's question now by stating that nearly one-half of these converts were already connected with some church or chapel—the Brethren got one, and the Amortites two; of the rest a few turned out "thorough" and "stony," and a few refused to give up luxury and tobacco, so that we probably got but a dozen recruits out of the lot, and praised God for them.

(To be continued.)

Sin of Not Doing.

Doing nothing at all is often the worst kind of wrong doing. Simply failing to do what we ought to do may be more execrable than any mistake in our best methods of doing. If we see another by our side in peril, and fail to give him warning or help within our power, his blood is as clearly on our head as though we had stricken him down with a club or a knife. What sentence of the Judge, in the great day of account, can be severer than "Inasmuch as ye did it not, depart from Me"? Let us watch and strive against the righteous doom of not doing.—S. S. Times.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

Thoughts.

By A. McLAREN, D.D.

He who lives to himself is the parent of all crime, meanness, and sin, whether in kings or peasants.

God's cause should be supreme in our hearts, and we should be ready to give ourselves to further it.

We cannot lean both on God and man. We must trust, but we must also use the power we have.

Over all the play of human passion and sin, God rules unseen and watches over His people, making the wrath of man to praise Him, and restraining the remainder thereof. The visible persons in the drama are but instruments in His hand, but not the less responsible.

Our prayers should be confident, because we know that all His ways are mercy and truth, and that, therefore, righteousness and peace will spring up in our ways, and because we are sure that the sower may weep, but the seed will be His blessing, spring, and the weeping sower will surely be the glad reaper.

Prayer and constant watchfulness are our weapons. If we remember the Lord, we shall not be afraid; and, if we are on our guard, the enemy will not attack. But our fighting is to be auxiliary to building God's house. Destructive work is for the sake of construction.

If we expect a blessing of God, we must seek it through full surrender of ourselves, and of our possessions and capacities and opportunities. We "prove" Him, and He promises to rain down blessings on us, not merely when we pray, but when we "bring the tithes" into His storehouse, and take care that these are not blind, lame, or sick beasts, but our best.

The knowledge of God's law and the will to do it, are the strong supports of a nation, as of an individual, and no better contribution to national prosperity can be made than to bring God's word to the ears and hearts of its citizens. The salutary effort of that knowledge is, first, discovery of sin and penitence, and that sorrow is the parent of joy, which, again, is the mother of strength.

The old, old standing difficulty, that goodness seems to have no connection with worldly prosperity, is dealt with by one argument only—namely, the prospect of the future, when character will manifestly settle destiny, and blessedness and we will be the respective outcomes of goodness and wickedness. "The day of the Lord" will set a gulf between good and evil, and two profound sides to be overlooked. That day is future yet, though there have been precursors of it; and it will have a double aspect, being to one class lurid and destructive as the fierce flames of a furnace, and to the other, radiant as the freshness, beauty, and joyfulness of morning sunshine.

MISSING PRAYERS.

A Look In at the Dead-Prayer Office.

Sometimes prayers remain unanswered because they are not directed right—not addressed to God, but to the audience.

Other prayers never "go through," because the address is unspeakable. They are too full of pomp and rhetorical flourish, mere monologues of stately prose.

Other prayers get lost because they are "unavailable matter"—prayers whose answers are so gratifying, but would fall like showers of daisies on our neighbors, and so are denied passage through the Divine channels, as sharp-edged tools, corroding acids, explosives, and the like are not allowed in the mails.

No legally "stamped," sincerely desired, and well-meaning prayer, is ever lost. The answer may be delayed, but the prayer is "on file."

There is a Line, by us Unseen.

There is a time, we know not when.

A point, we know not where,

That marks the destiny of men,

To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,

That crosses every path.

The hidden boundary between

God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,

To die as it by stealth;

It does not touch the warning eye,

Nor pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,

The spirit light and gay;

That which is passing still may please,

And ere be thrust away.

Oh, where is this mysterious hour

By which our path is crossed,

Beyond which God Himself hath

Sworn

That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?

How long will God forbear?

Where does hope end, and where begin

The condones of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent—

"Ye that from God depart,

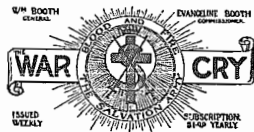
While it is called to-day, repent,

And harden not your heart."

GAZETTE.

APPOINTMENT--

ENSIGN WYNN, of Newmarket, to
take charge of the Picton Corps.
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Sal-
vation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the
North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C.
Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 10 Albert Street,
Toronto.

• • •

All communications referring to the contents of the WAR CRV, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

All communications on matters referring to subscriptions, despatch, and change of address, should be addressed to THE

All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOUTH.

All manuscripts must be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the pages only. Write name and address plainly. All manuscript, (written matter intended for publication) can be sent at the rate of ONE CENT postage per two ounces, if enclosed in unsealed envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

The Siege.

EFFORT AND RESULT.

There is no result without previous effort, not heat without fire or friction, no house without the carpenter's or bricklayer's toll, no convert without work and prayer. Indefinite effort produces indefinite result; aimless, unguarded endeavors for the salvation of others will, at best, result in few and unsatisfactory converts. On the other hand, systematic, prayerful, and conscientious labors will inevitably bring forth definite conversions, and raise up a force of earnest, consecrated co-workers in the evangelization of the world. The result is always in proportion to the effort, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, at times. The full extent of the effort, or the result, is not always clearly seen, but the rule holds good. It is well to bear this continually in mind.

SOLDIER-MAKING WEEK.

The ensuing week is designated in the Siege program for the making of satisfactory converts into active soldiers. Our standard demands a clear conception of salvation, and a rather strict observance of the duties of a Christian from our converts, which prevents great influxes of converts, such as are possible where only showing of hands, or a standing to their feet, or a mere formal expression that one desires to live a Christian life, is asked as a condition of membership; therefore, our converts ought to count more, and ought to be urged to become the means of salvation to others. We would again remind our rank and

file of the great need of dealing faithfully with every individual while on his knees, and so make reasonably certain that a definite conversion has taken place. If such is the case it will not take much persuasion to enlist the convert as a regular soldier, who desires to become a saviour of others. If it is worthy of our best endeavor to win a soul, how much is it worth to turn that soul into a soul-winner?

We should also remember, while it is very desirable to have quantity, yet quality should be first taken into consideration. One good soldier is more good to God, to you, and to the Army, than a score of indifferent or pressed cases.

Agony.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

Agony! Is it not written on every line of the bleating sheep which stands guard over her dead lamb? Whose heart has not been touched by the tender affection shown by the female animal for her young, no matter what class or family? Is not the most dangerous opponent of the hunter the lioness whose whelps have been robbed, or the she-bear whose cubs have been taken? In the protection of her young the animal-mother has often given her life.

We can readily imagine the anxious concern of the mother sheep, when her lamb fell out by the wayside. Under other circumstances no obstacle would have separated her from the flock, but when her lamb dropped, she forgot the flock, and the rain, and the storm. Again and again she tried to help the young on to its feet, until the response of life ceased, and only a carcass laid at her feet. Then the vultures gathered near the carcass in ever increasing numbers, ready to devour the dead lamb as soon as the mother should leave it. Instinct teaches the sheep the design of the birds, and in the unconscious fear, suffering dumb agony, she bleats piteously for help.

THE AGONY OF GETHSEMANE.

If the agony of the dumb animal so quickly appeals to our sympathy, how infinitely greater and stronger should Christ's mental suffering and agony of soul appeal to the best within us? Yet, alas! how few are moved by the thought of that sublime agony. Is it because our natures are more akin to the brute than the Divine? The depth of agony can only be felt by the heart which has known the fulness of love. Jesus, being the embodiment of Divine love, was the only man capable of enduring the most cruel agony. Let us look closer.

HE BORE THE SINS OF THE WORLD.

Jesus, during His earthly ministry, bore the guilt and burden of the world's sin upon His heart and mind. He, better than any man, knew the cause of all sin; He saw the working out of the sins of the mind and heart in words not yet spoken, and deeds not yet committed; He knew clearly the force of sin, and the direction in which it was sinking the human race; He was constantly thinking of his plans and designs to lessen sin and overcome its effect, by giving His own body to its bruises, and lashings, and stabbings. Jesus bore daily this long drawn-out agony.

THE AGONY OF ANTICIPATION.

Tissot, in his famous Life of Christ, depicts Christ in Gethsemane surrounded by spirits who each reflect one phase of His suffering to come. Jesus knew what was to come—the betrayal, the accusations, the mock trial, the scourging, the scolding, and the crucifixion. All these events passed before Him in mental procession, and yet He said, "Father, not My will, but Thy will be done." Who can understand one iota of the supreme agony of Christ in the Garden? for suffering in anticipation is much keener than the reality to follow.

HIS DISCIPLES' INDIFFERENCE.

In His suffering Jesus turns to His disciples for some little consolation, and finds them sleeping. "Could you not watch with Me one hour?" What a rebuke! The agony of feeling that

the most intimate friends are incapable of sympathizing with Him in some degree must have greatly intensified His agony. Great suffering, like great joy cannot be shared, except by kindred spirits. There is no way of communicating such to others who cannot understand us. When passing through our Gethsemane, we can only look above us for consolation.

OUR SHARE IN GETHSEMANE

No great reforms have been accomplished without the reformer having to pass through a furnace of trials and difficulties. Only the keeping to our purpose unflinchingly and indifference to the world's approval has brought success to the attempt. So we ought to take it as our share in Gethsemane's agony to do some real agonizing on behalf of the souls we desire to save. To be desperately earnest requires as a condition that we understand the great need for earnestness. To understand the great need, is to see the great dangers to humanity and to feel the curse of its sins. We must be sin-bearers—people who feel the weight of the world's wickedness—if we would be saviours. Let us, therefore, not look for easier paths, but manfully take the Calvary path—even though it leads us through the garden—it will also lead us into the secret chamber of the hearts of men, and their souls shall be given us for our Christ and His Kingdom.

The web of human fortunes is woven
for eternity,—Scott.

The Commissioner's Western Tour.

MISS BOOTH

WILL VISIT

GRAND FORKSTuesday, April 3rd.

BUTTE.....Friday, April 6th.

SPOKANE . . . Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 7th, 8th and 9th.

ROSSLAND **Thursday, April 12th.**

(MISS BOOTH IN RAGS.)

NELSON.....Saturday and Sunday, April 14th and 15th.
(SATURDAY SOLDIERS' MEETING)

VICTORIA Wednesday and Thursday, April 18th and 19th

VICTORIA, Wednesday and Thursday, April 24th and 25th

VANCOUVER Sunday, April 22nd

VANCOUVER Sunday, April 22nd.



" AGONY

The Commissioner in Montreal.

A WEEK-END WITHOUT PARALLEL.

Largest Crowd Ever Known in the Centenary Methodist Church for Miss Booth in Rago (Second Time in the City)—The Windsor Hall Twice Corged on Sunday—Doors Closed Before Time of Meeting, with Hundreds Outside—The Commissioner's Powerful Utterances Magnetized by Divine Unction—The Vast Audience Held as One Man.

HEAVENLY INFLUENCES HOVER OVER THE SPELL-BOUND THROUGH FLOODS OF TEARS
TELL OF TOUCHED HEARTS—AN ELECTRIC MOMENT OF PATRIOTIC ENTHUSIASM
GENEROSITY OF FINANCES BREAKS THE RECORD—OVERWHELMING DEMONSTRATION OF AFFECTION FOR THE COMMISSIONER—PRESS AND PEOPLE
URGENTLY PLEAD FOR HER SPEEDY RETURN—SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS IN THE SEVENTH HEAVEN OF DELIGHT.

THE Commissioner's three days in Montreal mark an epoch in Army history of the Mountain City. Unanimous opinions declare them to be the finest ever held there. There was a combination of favorite influences. The weather, apparently feeling the weight of its responsibility, was its garb of frostiest sunshine; the dim importance of arrangement and advertisement to the credit of the Provincial and Field Staff—be it spoken with perfect: the Commissioner's eloquence was touched with that Divine influence only expressed by the word unction—in a word, she was at her best. The citizens caught on—they came—they were captivated. The

crowds were overwhelming, the evidences of emotion and expressions of delight bespoke an ecstasy of enthusiasm; old friends were blossomed and reunited with our work; new friends were made for it; sinners were laid hold of, stricken, and saved, and an impression left whose achievements time cannot efface, and whose full results eternity alone can reveal. As to the manifestation of appreciation and affection displayed towards the Commissioner, we have left this feature of the campaign till the last, as we feel awe-stricken at the attempt to describe it—for it is beyond description. Out of the depths of its warm heart Montreal has evinced every desire to do our leader honor

and give expression to satisfaction at her present visit and anxiety for a speedy return.

The program included the wide-famed "Rags" address at the Point, a Sunday's campaign in the Windsor Hall, and on Monday the Commissioner's new scenic service, "The Scarlet Thread." This list, however, was subject to alteration. The farewell of Lord Strathcona's Horse for South Africa was timed to take place on the same Monday, and the Windsor Hall especially requested for their banqueting. Although the hall had been secured for some weeks, the Commissioner at once declared her willingness to give place to the soldiers' send-off, and to postpone the Scarlet Thread. The announcement of this concession called forth hearty appreciation on the part of the citizens, and loud and vehement requests that the postponed service should speedily be forthcoming; in fact that, of course, this is confidential) we rather think from a hint of whispered hints that Montreal feels it has made very much the best of the bargain, and secured, by the change, two visits from the Commissioner, instead of one.

It was at first decided, owing to the alteration in the plan of campaign, for the party who accompany the Commissioner as the Scarlet Thread "Company," to proceed direct to Kingston, but since the special railway rates only hold good for a certain number, the whole of the contingent started for Montreal—much to their satisfaction. In view of the Scarlet Thread disappointment, an extra musical festival was thrown in, and the members of the contingent mutually assisted in the singing specialties of the Commissioner's meetings.

To say that everything depends on a good start may be slightly sweeping, but there is certainly an infectious inspiration about a good push-off. This the campaign undoubtedly had at St. Charles on Friday. The Commissioner had already given an enthusiastic hearing to the Commissioner's popular lecture on London slums, but had her appearance in that dilapidated attire which is yet so becoming, been an absolute novelty, the interest could not have been more intense, nor the crowd larger. The interest—well, there is a moment when tears choke back further expressions of delight and when feeling so much makes speaking at all impossible, and this point many of the Commissioner's hearers had reached before the Commissioner was half way through her address. As to the crowd—it could not have been larger from the very simple but sufficient reason that it was a physical impossibility to put anybody else in—they lined the aisles with sons, they even crowded the communion table, they thronged around the entrances in tightly-wedged groups, many seats held one more than their legitimate or comfortable capacity, yet discomfort was forgotten or lost sight of in breathless attention.

The Rev. Melvin Taylor, pastor of the Church, presided. His introduction was brief, but to the point. He praised God that there had ever been given to the world such an agency as the Salvation Army. He wondered who, in Christian lands, had not heard of the Army, its General, and his devoted family. He said that those who worked thus for Christ needed no introduction, and that he felt proud to have Miss Booth in his church that night.

The Commissioner told her pathetic and eloquent narrative with telling effect. The gleams of curiosity which had mingled with the glances cast upon our leader's ragged apparel, gave place to looks of undiminished admiration. The interest was intense—only now and then bursts of spontaneous applause interrupting the speaker. Once there was a wisp, a roar, and a thud. Alarmed eyes turned towards the roof; but the Commissioner, with presence of mind and ready wit exclaimed, "It's only a little snow falling. There's a good deal of 'a little snow' in Montreal," and what might have been a panic ended in a laugh.

The address itself was a masterpiece. The sorrows of the poor and the erring have never been more ten-

derly and pitifully told, and never have they been listened to with more sympathy.

Willie and Pearl received an ovation at the close. "Lieut. Snowflake" had, unfortunately, caught a bit of a cold, and so could not sing, but "Tiptoe-teetoch" did the honors for both, calling forth storms of applause.

With some difficulty (for a concourse of people discovered that their way out must lie through that side door) the Commissioner was escorted to the pastor's private room, where a select group of church members crowded round to express their pleasure, and some with brimming eyes, to express their gratitude.

The scene of the Saturday night's musical manoeuvres was the barracks. The crowd (albeit there was a strict ticket admission) was a splendid one. The contingent acquitted themselves in manner highly gratifying to the audience, who, by repeated applause, and innumerable encores expressed their pleasure. Brigadier Pugmire made a most happy chairman. The String Band excelled itself, and, with the part-singing of the Male Quartet, which shared its popularity, has produced much flattering comment.

Sunday's preparatory meetings put on a good foundation for what was to follow. A two-drifts temperance aside four below zero was led by Staff Capt. Morris, the holiness meeting by Brigadier Pugmire. The latter's Bible-reading on the loss of a first love, and the singing of a hymn, was a choice blending of Divine truths recounted with that simplicity which is in itself a power. Rev. Mr. Brown, a colored brother who is an old friend of our work, gave a "tree-top" experience and sang in comparison with the inspiring chorus, "God's going to wake up the dead."

Sunday afternoon a thrill of expectation went through many hearts as the much-anticipated hour of three drew near. For a long time before that streams of people had been passing through the doors, the collectors at the doors had their hands full, and before the meeting commenced there were but few seats left in that spacious hall. The Windsor Hall itself cannot be permitted to pass without a word. Before all eyes are riveted by the Commissioner's entrance, let us glance around it—it is a place full of grace and beauty, built with a special view to its acoustic properties, pleasingly, without being garish, lighted by day, and with elegant and brilliant illumination which promises brilliant illumination by night; for its comfort be it spoken the majority of the seats are arm-chairs. To-day the hall is ablaze with vivid coloring. Festoons of burning in loyal shades drape the long windows. Union Jacks of every shape and size lend a patriotic influence to every breath of air by their stately waves. A triumph of decorative art, including the emblems of every Canadian province, Canadian flag, and platform. All this we owe to the courteous attention of the decorations for the farewell of Strathcona's Horse two days before the time, and thus gave our meetings the benefit of their beauty.

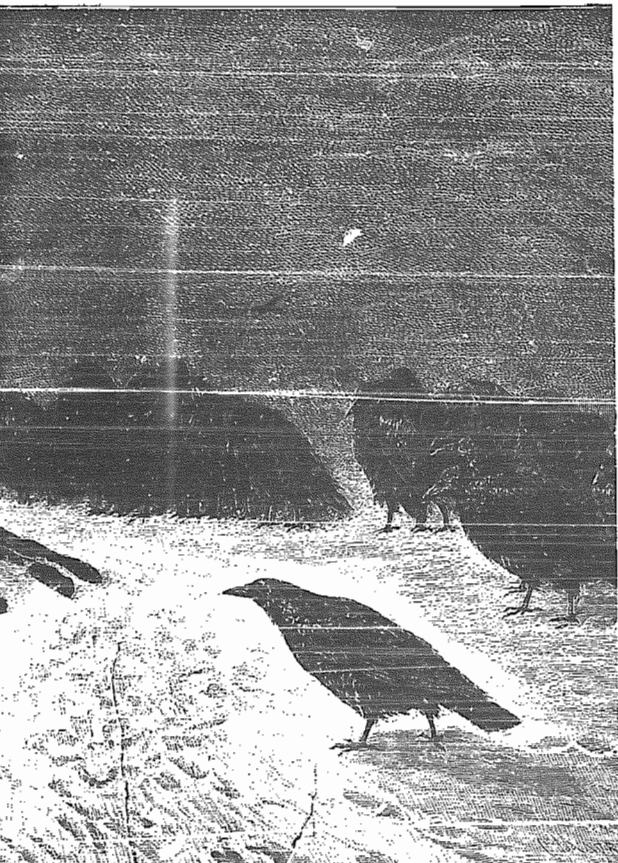
But the Commissioner has entered, and there are few in that vast audience who have eyes for anything else just then. A climax is reached when she looks towards her graceful lieutenant now so associated with her name, and with much delicacy of touch produces a sweet harp accompaniment to "I'm going to see Jesus up there," and "I have got a mother up there," sings the Commissioner, repeating with emphasis:

"Yes, I have got MY mother there,
And I shall die without a fear,
Will you go?"

A tremor goes through the audience, which has already been touched by the vibrating chords of the children's duet for Willie has found his voice again, and more than one eye unshed to weep is dim with tears.

The Commissioner spoke as only an eloquent tongue, touched by the Holy Ghost, can declare the oracles of God. "I have heard the 'Song of the City' before," said one of the Officers, "but never as the Commissioner delivered it this afternoon. There was more than ability in her words—it was a miracle of truth's declaration."

(Continued on page 12.)



Triphant Siege Notes

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE FIELD.

BEAR RIVER.—Ten precious souls in the past week. We are sorry our Captain has to rest for a time.—Sec. Morine, Cor.

BERLIN.—Sunday morning we held our usual monthly meeting at the House of Industry. The inmates enjoy our meetings; they watch so eagerly for our coming. We love to bring a little brightness into their lives. Had a good day right through, and, best of all, two souls. We are pushing the Siege.—Clara Howcroft, Cant.

A New Home.

BILLINGS.—Several souls have been saved. We have had our enrolment of soldiers. We are now in the midst of Reconciliation Week, and already one dear sister has come home to God. Hallelujah! We now have a good barracks and officers' quarters, all under the same roof, and everything handy. Previous to this we were held in meetings in a tent. Our present officers have been successful in arranging with a business man here to make some extensive alterations in a building of his on the front street, and we now have a beautiful hall, carpeted with new electric light. A change has been taken for several years and we are again nicely settled and are hard at work.—Winter.

BRIDGEWATER.—Although we haven't a lot of soldiers, yet we are marching on. On Thursday night three wanderers came back to the fold of Christ—one of them a young man who had been a soldier in the early days of the Army here.—Capt. O. Clarke and Lieut. McIvor, the sweet singer, in charge.—P. A. Hamm.

Siege Begun Well.

BROCKVILLE.—A visit from Ensign Parker, with lantern; the people delighted, the new Acetylene Gas throwing the views on the canvas in a much larger, clearer, and more life-like style than the old light. The Ensign repeated, "Home, sweet home," by special request. Feb. 25th, the first day of the Siege, God came and blessed us richly, from 7 a.m. till 10:30 p.m. Seven souls stepped into the sin-cleansing Fountain—five for the blessing of a clean heart, and two for salvation.—Mrs. F. Sheldon.

Four Souls Surrendered.

BUTTE.—We were favored on Thursday night with a visit from Ensign May, Capt. Jones, and Lieut. Smith, and had a good time all round. Week-end meetings were good. Started Sunday morning with a love-feast, and had a feast to our souls. In the afternoon good crowds outside and in. The night meeting was a crowning of our soldiers' fight like heroes, and our hearts were cheered by seeing four dear souls in the Fountain.—Reg. Cor.

Salvationist v. Heart-Backslider.

CHESLEY.—Reconciliation Week has ended with good results. Soldiers united more together in the band of love. One brother who has tried to make himself believe he could get the blessing of holiness without being a Salvationist, and who had been told that he was, and that the question had come to him of the Salvation Army, or a backslider in heart. Sunday night one backslider returned. Two other young men held up their hands for prayer. The first to raise his hand was one of Chesley's first soldiers.—Capt. Poole.

Soul-Saving Going on.

DAUPHIN.—It was the privilege of the North-West T. F. S. to visit this, one of the latest open. The first to raise his hand for a recent week-end. The Army has been received with open arms. They are exceptionally kind to the officers, Captain Gamble and Capt. Elliott, but it seems hard to get the people to yield to the electric of sin and got saved—a mother and son; he led the road, she followed. The J. S. work is flourishing. 80 children present on Sunday. Six companies working. One teacher (sis-

ter) walks four miles to J. S. meeting. The sad part is only one soldier lives in town. The others live 4 to 110 miles away. One pleasing note, by the way, is the fact that the Baptist minister, a young man interested in our work, comes to kneel-drill every Sunday morning.—C. A. P.

A Drunk's Denial.

GLACE BAY.—The kindness of many who attend the S. A. meetings in this town, and, indeed, a large number who do not attend, is manifested by the following incident: While Mrs. Capt. Thompson was taking the usual offering one night recently, a young man under the influence of strong drink, beckoned her towards him, asking her at the same time if she was afraid of him. She said, "Why, no, certainly not," and on going nearer him he said, "I have no money to-night, but I'll send you a barrel of flour. Will that do?" "Oh, yes," she said, and thought no more of it until a day or two after, when the team arrived with the barrel of flour.—J. T. McPherson.

GUELPH.—Good week-end. One soul.—Onlooker.

HALIFAX.—Siege now in progress. Four souls on Sunday night. We believe the Lord is beginning to move on the hearts of the unsaved, and many sinners are going to be won.—Treas. Casbin.

The Territorial Secretary at Hamilton.

HAMILTON.—Lieut. Colonel Margretts, accompanied by Adj. Goudwin, our D. O., came over and gave us a meeting. Glad to report one soul for salvation. The Siege is the talk of the day. Soldiers in good fighting trim and believing for a harvest of souls.—A. Parker, Lieut.

HOULTON.—Since our last report God has wonderfully blessed us, and we have had the joy of seeing one more backslider come back. Conviction is mightily working among the unsaved, and we are believing that ere long we will see more starting for the Kingdom. We had Ensign Andrews with us on Monday evening, who favored us with his lantern service. We had a large attendance and the meeting went off well. The people went away very much pleased, and expressed their delight by saying it was the best service they have yet attended.—Minnie Vandine.

They are Coming Back.

LISGAR ST.—Siege began in good earnest. One of our band boys got fed away, but came back, said he had been feeding on husks long enough. One sister found peace on Sunday evening. Three men Wednesday night, another of our soldiers' wives came out to the penitent font, and knelt beside a dear girl-friend of hers; it was a beautiful sight to see them weep together, and clasp each other, and wipe each other's tears away.—S. McFarland, R. C.

An Up-to-date Wedding.

LONDON.—Salvation Army weddings always draw a crowd, and that of Bandsman Fred Young with Sister Julia, conducted by Brigadier Howell in London, was no exception to the rule. Bro. and Sister Rogers sang a duet, "Follow Jesus." Mrs. Brigadier Howell read the 23rd Psalm and commented thereon, forcibly bringing out the point that it was to put God first. The P. O., after a few practical and laughable illustrations, read the Articles of Marriage. The happy couple, supported by Lieut. Flossie Smith, and Bro. Jackie, stood at the front. Too much cannot be said of the very creditable way in which the band played a selection, "It was for me," while plates, piled up with bits of wedding cake done up in white tissue paper, were passed round. The bridegroom said he believed in standing up and standing up to duty. He was bounced in great style, after which he joined the band in singing, "Come along, and go with me," especially turning to the three single bandsmen (Bandsmen Fleming, and Russell) while he sang. The point that

Bandsman Pope brought out was that good women are the making of good men. Staff-Capt. Phillips gave us some practical advice; the Salvation Army was the Kingdom of God on earth to him. The Brigadier endorsed the same, and followed on with a good testimony on this line, at the same time assuring our three single bandsmen that he would be pleased to fix them up in the same manner. Bandsman Russell was the only one who had the courage of his convictions, for he jumped to his feet, shook hands with the Brigadier, and said, "I'll see you later, Brigadier." The doctor was sung, and thus ended the first chapter of Bandsman Young's married life.—Hed Riddling Hood.

MINOT.—One soul for pardon on Sunday afternoon, after a hard fight. Hallelujah! Many more are convicted. We are praying for them. Capt. L. Traper, Lieut. E. Cushtar.

Six Souls Since Last Report.

MISSOULA.—Last Sunday night was the farewell meeting of Capt. Walrath, who goes to Ananard, also the welcome meeting of Capt. Ziebarth, who comes here. Bro. Sergeant, who has been away for some time, is back again. All glad to see him. Ensign Stagers with us over Sunday. In Tuesday night's meeting one soul forewelled from sin and the devil, also on Wednesday night another found peace and pardon, and yet a third on Saturday night sought Christ as her Saviour. In Sunday morning's hall-meeting two came out for sanctification. On the Sunday afternoon meeting two precious souls knelt and found Christ to be a satisfying portion to their souls and on Sunday night one more found peace, making, in all, six since last report. At the afternoon meeting Ensign Stagers enrolled three soldiers under the old Army flag.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

MITCHELL.—We are glad to report victory in our souls, and fairly good times. We have had a visit from Ensign Haddnott, and we gave him the best musical meeting miles against for some time. The Ensign gave us a very interesting time. We are in to do our best for God and the Siege.—Capt. Jordison.

MONTREAL.—Sunday afternoon Brigadier Pugnire and Staff-Captain Taylor led the meeting. We had a blessed time, with three souls at the Cross. A large crowd came out at night. The Brigadier's subject was "The Handwriting on the Wall." We would have liked to see more results, yet we closed feeling that they must follow.—C. R. G. W.

Well Worth the Weary Journey.

MOOSOMIN.—Four souls last week Monday night one soul in the Fountain. A good soldiers' meeting Tuesday night. A march to Wapella, a distance of eighty miles, against a cold wind Thursday afternoon at 8 o'clock we engaged the enemy there in the Methodist Church. God was with us, so, of course, it was victory for us. The devil was defeated with the loss of two slain and others wounded. We feel that our Wapella friends were cheered up a bit. After the fight was over, between 11 and 12, we started back, and we arrived after 4 o'clock full of light and satisfaction. Victory again Sunday night and one in the Fountain, a lad of fifteen.—Oscar Price.

NELSON. B. C.—Since Ensign Lester and Capt. Dutille came to us, we have had ten or fifteen converts, probably more. A good work has been going steadily on. The meetings to-day were fair, though no visible results.—By one that was there.

Record Beating.

NEW WESTMINSTER. B. C.—Great start of the Siege. Largest knee-drill, marches, attendances, and offerings for years. Deep conviction, though no visible surrenders.—Ayres.

NORWICH.—We have had some very good cases of conversion. One D. O., Adj. McEarg, has just visited

us, also Treas. Mason, from Simcoe, and although they tried to plunge their way through the snow from Norway, they arrived O. K. at Norwich, where we had a very nice meeting. Owing to the snow-storm, the crowd was small; at this meeting the Adj. commissioned Bro. Searle, and the Sergt.-Major of the corps, who had enlisted into the Siege with the promise of some of the comrades doing their best to get precious souls saved.—I. Klingler, for Capt. Hoeklin.

ONEMEE.—Good crowds at meetings on Sunday. Some of the soldiers are unable to attend through sickness. The best news is, one sister came to Jesus on Sunday and found peace and pardon.—Hez. Cor.

Steam up for the Siege.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—We have had another visit from Ensign Perry, with lantern, and a very nice meeting. "The Topsy Girl," and I would like to tell you that the Portage people appreciated it very much. The Ensign made the service very impressive and interesting. Yesterday, Sunday, we had a good day. The Holy Spirit convined people of sin, although no one would yield. We are going in to make the Siege a devil-defeating, God-glorifying time.—Capt. Westcott and Wife.

PRINCE ALBERT.—The Siege is once more upon us, and with it has come God's blessing. On Sunday two souls sought and found God—one a backslider, and the other a little girl. The junior work is progressing well. G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

QUEBEC.—Ensign Parker has been with us with magic lantern. The new light which he has shows the views up beautifully. We had a good crowd and all enjoyed the service immensely. The proceeds were good. Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. We started off with a good knee-drill. The night meeting was a struggle indeed, but we hung on, and with prevailing prayer, we got the victory, and two souls knelt at the Cross.—Capt. Huxtable and Bloss.

Cartridges Going Up.

ST. CATIARINES.—Have been in this city a little over a month. Have met many friends. Meetings good. Started holiness meetings Friday night which promise to be a success. One soul has been out for salvation. Commenced a new system of Cartridges with soldiers. Have averaged over \$5 a week for three weeks. Look out, Riverside! Commissioner and Staff, with "The Scarlet Thread," have paid us a visit. The Ensign's meeting in an Opera House A. I. Income \$100. In for doing plenty of visiting. Our opportunities are great.—Moore and Banks.

ST. JOHNS I.—We had a blessed time at old No. 1. Last week, 24 souls at the Cross—some for pardon, some for blessing. A successful banquet on Thursday night. Proceeds to go towards the band. War Cry all sold out.—H. C. Ebbary.

ST. JOHNS II.—Quite a number have professed conversion during the past two weeks. Sunday we had our old friend, Capt. Jaues, with us. Morning and afternoon were times of real blessing. At night it seemed as if the devil was bent on having the victory. God came to our help. After a well-fought prayer meeting, one dear sister came forward and got soundly converted. S. Morgan, for Capt. McLean.

Knee-Drill on the Up-Grade.

STRATFORD.—A wonderful time in the last glow-snow. A beautiful tea, a beautiful meeting, and a beautiful scene at the close, when a young man who never had been saved before came and fell down at the foot of the Cross, followed by a little girl and two others—a total of four. The Stratford corps is going to do its very best in the coming Siege. We are having good times at our knee-drill. The Adjutant is believing to have twenty-five attending in the near future.—Lieut. Groombridge, for Adj. Orchard.

ST. THOMAS.—Good meetings all day Sunday. Although the weather was rough, we were with us. We were at the Mercy Seat for salvation. Thursday, the 22nd, we had a spelling-match, which was very edifying, also very attractive, seeing the soldiers walking in with their Bibles under their arm.—W. J. Turner.

Sang and Sold Her Crys.

STRATHROY.—The war still goes on at this corps, and we can report victory after another week's fighting. One sister, who was very much troubled about her soul last Sunday night, went away from the meeting undecided, but on Monday morning, in her home, she gave herself to God. Our War Cry seller had quite an experience on Saturday night. While selling War Cry's she went into one hotel, and she told her that if she would sing a song they would buy her Crys, so like a good S. A. soldier she seized the opportunity of doing something for the Master, and sang that beautiful solo, "They Crucified Him," trusting that it might touch some of their hearts. They gave her \$10. for 12 Crys.—H. Freeman.

THEFORD.—Visit of Adj. Blackburn last night. He got here after walking seven miles through snow up to his knees. He gave us his prison experience. He is a fighter of the old school. We sang, "On the again, Adjutant."—T. Ford, Cor.

Pray for the Adjutant's Throat.

VANCOUVER. Since last report Capt. Miller has fared well and is taking a short and much-needed rest, and we have welcomed Capt. Fisher to our corps. Adj. Woodruff's throat still occasions anxiety, but she is bravely holding on. On Sunday night there were fully 500 people in our hall. The soldiers are full of faith for the Siege.—B. Norman, R. C.

WINNIPEG.—Eusha Perry with us for a meeting with his lantern. The soldiers have taken hold of the Siege in a splendid way, quite a number pledging themselves for a time of special prayer each week.—E. L. Gamble, Cadet, for Adj. Kerr.

In Spite of the Storm.

WOODSTOCK.—We have been praying for showers of salvation, and little by little our prayers are being answered. In spite of the storm on Sunday we had a good day, finishing with three souls. Another soul on Tuesday put us all in good trim for the special Siege meeting with the comrades on Wednesday. Ensign Andrews' lantern service on Thursday was enjoyed by all.—Kate Welch, Winnie Jones, C.O's.

YARMOUTH, N. S.—Wednesday evening we had a farewell soldiers' ten for three of our comrades, Cadet Perry, who goes to assist in the Rescue work at St. John, and Cadets Pundy and Hannan, who are to St. John Training Garrison. Good meetings all day Sunday. One soul saved in holiness meeting in the morning, two sinners in the afternoon, and one at the farewell meeting at night. Our comrades have the prayers of their Yarmouth comrades that God will multiply use them in their larger sphere of labor.—A. E. II.

Major and Mrs. McMillan Were There.

YORKVILLE.—In spite of the rough weather and other drawbacks, we had a very good day at Yorkville on Sunday. Major and Mrs. McMillan in charge. On Sunday afternoon the Major led a good holiness meeting, when four came out for the blessing and one for salvation. At night Capt. Arnold gave us a pleasant surprise-visit, and we all enjoyed his playing and speaking. Mrs. McMillan spoke to the hearts of the people when she read God's word and spoke of mercy and judgment. One soul sought salvation.—A. Rose, Capt.



"Would you like to know your weak-point?" asked an old Army Journalist of a young aspirant in the Salvation literary world.

"Very much," was the ready reply. "Reporting," was the terse reply, which the young aspirant took to heart, and his since striven to make the most of.

This small story we give for the encouragement of those for whom this column is written. It may help a correspondent to remember that he or

she is not the only one who finds the task of reporting a blessed, but hard, one to perform.

There is a sense in which reporting is the hardest style of writing in which to excel. But we mention this not to discourage those who attempt excellence, but rather to dignify their attainments, as well as to set up a high standard at which they may aim. Reporting is not easy for the following reasons. First, because the writer can only say what has actually happened; therefore, the interest and length of his writing should be determined by events. Second, because he is not at liberty, in reporting, to let his imaginations hold sway, or to make distortions of his own upon the doings or misdoings which he may set on record. Third, because the reporter must give a true and readable reflection of events.

In a word, the chief end of a report is to be the photograph (in miniature) of the meetings of which it speaks. The reporter is the photographer; he must be careful to make a good "negative"—the mental or note-book jottings he must make—and he must "print it well" in the clearness and conciseness of the matter he sends up to the Editor's office.

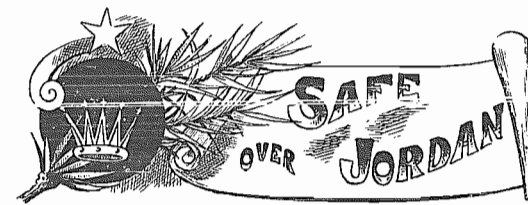
Advice to a Young Man.

A young man just starting upon his work in the ministry, was one day talking to an aged minister in London. The young man said, according to the Christian Citizen:

"You have had a great deal of experience; you know many things that I ought to learn. Can you give me some advice to carry with me in my new duties?"

"Yes, I can," was the response. "I will give you a piece of advice. You know that in every town in England, no matter how small; in every village or hamlet, though it be hidden in the folds of the mountains or wrapped around by the far-off sea; in every clump of farm-houses you can find a road, which, if you follow it, will take you to London. Just so every text which you shall choose to preach from in the Bible will have a road which leads to Jesus. Be sure you find that road, and follow it; be careful not to miss it once. This is my advice to you."

Perfect sincerity is the result of a deep inward order.—Milton.



A Tilsonburg Comrade Promoted.

Death has visited our little corps and has taken one of our loved comrades from our midst. Bro. Fred Sivyer, who has fought faithfully for nine years as a soldier, has gone to receive his reward. Though circumstances seem to have all been against him, being troubled with heart disease, and not being able to work much, he was always found at meeting when it was possible to get there. He lived some four or five miles from the hall, and was forbidden by the doctor to ride a wheel, but in rain or sunshine, he would be found at his duty. He loved to sing and take part in the meetings. His last few weeks were spent about nine miles from Tilsonburg, with a good Christian man he was working for, and who was very kind to him. While there he was not able to get to meetings, but when out to town on business, would come and get his War Cry. When asked about his soul he would always say he was ready to go. While sitting at the tentable he was suddenly summoned home to receive his robe and crown.—Capt. F. Heater.

A Soldier for Fifteen Years Goes Home from St. Catharines.

"Father" Ames, who fought a good fight in the ranks of the Salvation Army in Thorold and St. Catharines for about fifteen years, has passed over the river and joined the redeemed and Blood-washed throng. Some two weeks before his death, Adj. Moore

and the writer, hearing of his illness, called to see him at a friend's where he was being cared for. He appreciated our visit very much and was much cheered. Later he was brought to the General and Marine Hospital, where we frequently went to sing and pray with him and try to be of some cheer and blessing to his soul. He passed away Monday night, 26th of February. The following Wednesday we conducted the funeral in Thorold, laying the remains at rest in Lakeview Cemetery. On our last visit to him he left the glorious testimony that all was well, the clouds were dispersed, his sky was clear and Jesus was most precious. He was among the first converts in Thorold and had been saved from an awful life of sin and drink, and though many gave him but a short time and then he would be back to drink again, he has stood the test even to the end.—Yours for God, H. C. Banks, Capt.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT SEAGWAY.

One Killed, Six Injured.

Owing to derailing of a caboose loaded with natives, who were going to shovel snow at the Summit, is instantly killed, and Sergt. Benson was seriously injured, while five others were considerably hurt.

Johnny played the snare drum on the march the evening before the accident. Seventeen hours afterwards he was a corpse, and sorrow like a great billow broke over the native people.

Fears were entertained for a time as to Sergt. Benson's life, but he is recovering rapidly.

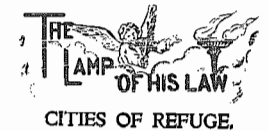
The conduct of the injured natives in the hospital, their resignation and devotion to God was noticed by all. Much sympathy has been expressed for the native people, and great kindness has been shown by the railway authorities, for which the Indians are truly thankful.

At the funeral the natives sang very sweetly:—

"They are going down the valley,
The drink, deep valley,
We shall see these faces never more.
Till we pass down the valley.

"The dark, deep valley,
And meet them on the other shore."

—Adj. McGill.



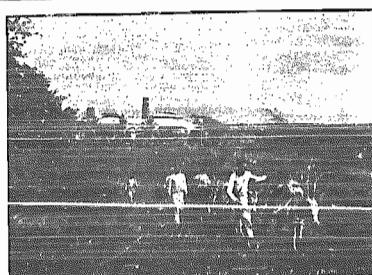
CITIES OF REFUGE.

Joshua xx. 1-9.

One of the Lord's most merciful provisions for the safety and well-being of His people was the City of Refuge. The six cities, placed three on the east and three on the west side of Jordan, were not intended as any cloak for sin, or escape from lawful justice. The man who had committed wilful murder would find no shelter in their gates. He would have to give reason for his flight, to the elders of the city, and without that reason being satisfactory, he would be given up to justice. But in the case of the innocent, who was unjustly accused, or the man who, through some accident, had caused the death of another, the City of Refuge was true to its name, and spared him from the excited anger of his pursuers. Translating their purpose into modern tongue, we might say that these cities were to prevent the practice of lynching—that terrible freedom with which men take the avenging sword into their own hands. In those early days it was harder than now for men to bridle their passions by respect for the law, and the Lord seems to have foreseen some such emergency by this timely ordinance.

Divine wisdom had so located these refuges that they were easy of access from many points, and had made the directions plain and clear, so that the agitated refugee need make no mistake in their finding an entrance. Within the city the seclusion was absolutely sacred. Once the poor, haunted, panting man was rescued within those gates, his pursuer had no power to get at him—in fact, was forbidden on pain of death.

The Cities of Refuge are types to us of Christ. The man-slayer stands for the sinner; his pursuer, the avenger of blood, the law; the road to the city, the way of salvation; and the Cities of Refuge, Jesus Christ. As the man-slayer had to be actually in the city to be safe, so the sinner must be "in Christ" to be saved. The Cities of Refuge made no charge for their protection, so is salvation purchased for us by the Blood of Christ "without money and without price." Would these men fled to Christ with the same eagerness that in those days they sought the City of Refuge.



A Jamaican Sugar Estate.



Among the Bananas in Jamaica.

THE COMMISSIONER IN MONTREAL.

(Continued from page 9.)

"I wish I had not taken such a prominent seat," said his tender-hearted wife. "I could not keep the tears back when she spoke so beautifully of the martyrs' faith, and the triumphant death of our saved soldiers at the front."

The soldiers were unanimous in expressions of joy. From the intelligent local, who declared the wondrous blend of logic and ability in the Commissioner's talk, to the saved "tough," who declared, mayhap, with a suspicious sniff, "My, but didn't she get away with it after all, for joy?"

But what shall we say of the audience? They were held spell-bound, and the Commissioner touched their heartstrings as freely as she vibrated the tones of her harp. Old men and women sobbed freely, for joy?—while the slow drops of conviction's tide stole down some fair young cheeks. Heaven seemed nearer, the Cross more real, and life took a newer, truer value for us all.

Not yet 7:30, yet a returning tide of disappointed feet are trooping down the steps into the street, in whose icy solitude some hundreds reflected too late upon the wisdom of the advice voiced by the press the day before, "Come early to ensure a seat." Little in every seat was filled, the platform was thronged with Salvationists, and the notes were filling.

Amidst the palms of the garden there is a rustle, then a spontaneous onset from the audience proclaims the identity of the "light" figure in her oriental robes who has stepped to the front. Looking fragile after the afternoon's exhausting effort, the Commissioner is with us again. Before she lives us, in living pictures of the brilliant scenes of "Love's Sunset," Brigadier Pugmire steps to the front to explain the postponement of the Scarlet Thread, and to express the Commissioner's ready will to give up the hall to the soldiers' farewell. His words were scarcely said when vehement and unanimous applause drowned his voice. Flashing its variegated electric lights upon the throng, the brilliant motto prepared for the forthcoming occasion, gleamed suddenly forth, "Welcome, Strathcona's Horse." The effect was electric. A burst of patriotic feeling convulsed the mighty throng. There wanted but one thing to complete the intense excitement of the moment, and Brigadier Pugmire did it—he struck up "God Save the Queen." The Commissioner rose to her feet, Staff-Capt. Morris seized his cornet, Capt. Easton's fingers lighted on the piano keys, the overwhelming crowd strained simultaneously to its feet, and then Salvationist and citizen, French and English, with a burst of blended feeling united to throw out the glorious notes of the National Anthem as they are seldom sung—no doubt whether even Strathcona's Horse itself could voice it fuller or more strong.

Yet, such was the spirit of the place and hour that the interlude made no break in the tight, tense tension of holy feeling which held the throng of men. The Commissioner had not been five minutes on her feet before it seemed as though the more than a thousand soul-echoes were held in that one slender hand. Yet, as should be that it was in the Divine grasp that these consecrated lay, for it was as though God had answered the prayer of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor, and so blessed and owned our leader's utterance as to make us the mouthpieces of His power, the declarers of His justice, and the pleading representatives of His mercy. It was amidst truth, or hushed Gospel that fascinated the crowd, that called forth torrents of tears, and turned faces of sad youth and pleasure's tints white with the avenging scourge of conviction's lash. Like some prophetic warning the new world by lurid pictures from the old world's fall, the Commissioner discovered the subtle danger that lurks behind all sin, and dragged it to light for the sinner to look upon. And the sinner looked—there was no dodging. The eternal flavor of the Commissioner's message, the outcome of travelling down—no looking round the shining gleam of the sun, and which she held so persistently in

the front. Then the Commissioner dropped the curtain upon the dark picture and disclosed the one Light for all earth's night, the one Hope for all despair, the one Pledge for all the whirlpools of earth's tangled currents—the mercy of God. And hearts broke and pent-up spirits would have vent, and before we closed angel-pens were busy writing new names in the Book of Life.

"What have you been doing with yourself the last two hours?" Mrs. Ensign Williams' face beamed. "Holding to the collection," she exclaimed, as she whispered an electrifying figure in our ear. When we state that the total proceeds of the visit amounted to the magnificent total of \$330 we put Montreal's appreciation of the Commissioner's visit in a nutshell. The expenses incurred in the campaign were rather high, yet we left all local maguets with shining faces. Perhaps this figure had something to do with it.

We are now en route for Kingston, a typical party of Salvation campaigners. The Commissioner, although tired by the tremendous exertions of yesterday, is rapidly dictating to Ensign Griffiths, whose type-writer cлик, cлик, mingles pleasantly with the hum of the rushing train. The string band have just laid down their instruments after a selection highly appreciated by our fellow-travellers. Brigadier Pugmire, with beaming face, bears modestly his laurels as chief engineer of Sunday's successful organism, and is, if possible, a little more the name of Salvation affability than usual. The children sit to and fro, reminding that they have survived the peroxysms of getting with which Montreal greeted them. Adjt. Adams is penning correspondence (presumably of a personal and pleasant nature). Adjt. Welch—well, there was a fur cape which swayed in the corner of a seat a little time back; perhaps it could tell us of her whereabouts. But enough, we are nearing our destination. Is Kingston to work worthy of the victorious track which Montreal has laid down? Our next report will reveal.—A. L. F.

Women's Social Department NOT INACTIVE.

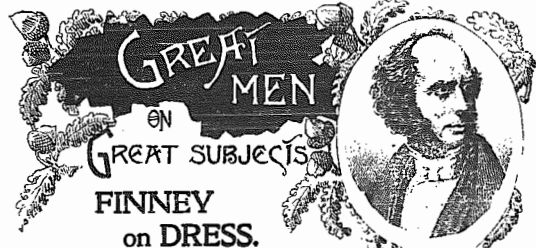
Vancouver Victories—Halfway Now Home—St. John's, Nfld., Extension.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

The Women's Social Department is by no means inactive. Though there has been little recorded news in the columns of the Cry from us lately—partly because we have been too busily occupied to chronicle, and partly because we are steadily going forward, and every day brings to our Territorial Headquarters information which shows the strong hold our work has upon the various cities where it is in operation.

A member of the League of Mercy in St. John's, Nfld., writes me in a personal letter:

"I know you will be glad to hear the Lord is giving us blessed victory while visiting the hospital. When we first visited there we were not allowed to pray, sing, or read, but now our visits are looked forward to with joy every week, and we can pray, sing, or read whenever we wish. They all seem to long to see us and to get the War Cry. I feel sure our work there has not been in vain, for God has made us a blessing to those dear suffering ones, and a word of cheer and comfort seems to ease their pain. I am glad to tell you, Mrs. Read, I do love this part of the work, and have made up my mind to do my best. I do love to visit the sick and dying, and also those within the prison walls. I am chucked now from the hospital to the prison. I love to try and help those whose lives are sad and lonely, made so by sin. We hold meetings there every second Sunday. Last Sunday we had a nice meeting. As the Captain read the word of God, it seemed as if the hearts of the girls were broken as they wept. I do pray that ere long we shall see them coming to Him Who alone is able to heal the broken heart and bind up the wounded."



"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." (Isa. XLIII. 10.)

Every Christian makes an impression by his conduct, and witnesses either for one side or the other. His looks, dress, whole demeanor, make a constant impression on one side or the other. He cannot help testifying for or against religion. He is either gathering with Christ or scattering abroad. Every step you take you tread on cords that will thrill to all eternity. Every time you move you touch keys whose sound will re-echo over all the hills and dales of heaven, and through all the dark caverns and vaults of hell.

Every movement of your lives you are exerting a tremendous influence that will tell on the immortal interests of souls all around you. Are you asleep while all your conduct is exerting such an influence?

Are you going to walk in the street? Take care how you dress. What is that on your head? What does that gaudy ribbon and those ornaments upon your dress say to everyone that meets you? It makes the impression upon you which you thought pretty. Take care! You might just as well write on your clothes, "No truth in religion." It says, "Give me dress, give me fashion, give me flattery, and I will give you the truth." The words are living, epistles, known and read of all men.

Do you know this, sister, when you

april. In visiting the hospital we speak to thirty or more about their souls, give out fifteen or twenty Crs., pray with ten or twelve. It is grand to know the dear Lord can keep and make His children a blessing when they lean upon Him."

The influence of the Homes are far-reaching. The girls look upon the Homes as the Mecca to which they can turn in times of temptation and difficulty. The appended extract from a letter, written by one of our erstwhile girls to another, shows this: "I often think of what they told me in the Home, that every time we overcome some temptation, by going to God in prayer, it is a fresh victory won, and I pray God to give me victory over all sin. Do you know, some-way everything seems different. I do believe that the prayers of those far away help us much. Sometimes things are so dark, and when I go to my room to pray all alone, I think of the Home, and in some way, I feel that I am nearer to them all, for I feel sure that they pray for me there."

Not only are the Homes already established maintaining their influence, and carrying forward their good work, but we are steadily advancing. Good news comes from Vancouver, where Adjt. Jordan has been working, including making preliminary arrangements for the opening of the work. The Adjutant has succeeded in securing a nice house and has purchased furniture and now all things are in readiness to receive any poor erring one in need of a home.

Ensign Soper goes to assist in the Home. Adjt. Jordan writes in the most glowing terms of the hearty cooperation she has received and the deep interest taken by the ministers, Christian ladies, and citizens generally. They have rallied to her side nobly. The Adjutant still requires financial help to finish paying the opening expenses.

We are building a much-needed addition to our Home in St. John's, Nfld. The work is organized by the best citizens of the Island, and receives their support. The Government also subsidizes the Home with an annual grant.

The alterations and improvements in the building have not an extra financial burden upon the work, and I hope our friends will relieve Adjt. Tovell in this matter as soon as possible.

Adjt. Jost is taking hold of the work in Halifax. We are endeavoring to secure more accommodation in a more suitable locality, as our work is handicapped in Halifax for lack of room.

Again the cloud of sorrow and bereavement has rested upon our faithful Home Staff. This time dear Major Stewart has been called to the house of death. Her sister—a sufferer for years—passed away a short time ago.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin with the West End Warriors.

LISGAR ST.

Sunday we had a splendid day. Meetings glorious. Old-time fire and enthusiasm. Splendid crowds. Extra seats had to be brought in for the night meeting. Finances good. Three scores of prospects, excellent. Mrs. Turner and Captain Arnold assisted. Lisgar St. is all right.

CARRIED THE FLAG.

Member of Strathcona's Horse Paraded with Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army made a brave showing last night as it paraded Sparks Street, with a stalwart member of the Strathcona Horse at its head bearing the flag. With a grim humor the band played the air, "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night." On account of the weather, the parade was not an open meeting, but a special service was held in the Army barracks. Ottawa Witness.

Our Field: Five Continents and the Isles of the Sea.



The General continues his campaign in the British Isles. A Field Officers' Council at Birmingham, and a very successful week-end at Hastings are the latest reports.

Colonel Bailey has been appointed Secretary for Trade Infaiths at L. H. Q.

Commissioner Dowdle has had a serious relapse. He has had a paralytic fit and lost the use of his limbs for about two hours. He has slowly recovered their use.

The General's great Social meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, postponed by his recent serious breakdown, is now arranged to take place on Monday, May 14th. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor will preside.

The General's visit to Birmingham was a powerful time, fully up to Leeds and Manchester. Our beloved leader is now preparing for his council with the London officers. Commissioner Rees had arranged for the whole number of 1,100 to sit down for food at once. This will be a great saving of time, both to the General and officers.

Mrs. Booth's Self-Denial Campaign include visits to Torquay, Weston-super-Mare, Southampton, and Liverpool.

Mary, the Chief's second daughter, was sworn in as a soldier of the High Barret corps recently, by Captain Harris. The dedication service moved some to tears, and the deep earnestness of the new soldier herself made a profound impression. She told how she gave herself to Jesus Christ when she signed the Articles of War.

Colonel Lamb has been describing the Prison-Gate Work of the Salvation Army to a committee—under the presidency of Lord Elgin, sitting at Whitehall—which is considering the better work of the prisons in Scotland. The committee was very much impressed with the magnitude and character of the Army's work among the criminal classes.

The Medical Department is advancing in favor and utility. It is now open for the benefit of Salvation Army officers and employees, a small fee being charged for advice and treatment. The Medical Officer is in attendance every morning (except Wednesday) from 9 to 11. Candidates are seen on Tuesdays from 6 to 7 p.m. Information in respect to the Department can be obtained from the Medical Officer, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.



Brigadier Bruntwell has farewelled from Victoria, and Brigadier Horskins has succeeded him as the Colonial Commander of Queensland.

Mrs. Major Fisher (formerly of Canada) is the leader of the League of Mercy in Melbourne.

Mrs. Herbert Booth has opened a new Rescue Home at Sydney. The building is Army property, and contains every improvement.

The Commandant has sent Adj. Sutton to the Collie Estate to com-

mence operations on that great land colony. Brigadier Saunders has been appointed to carry out the expensive building plans, which include dormitories for the boys that will be handed over by the Government. Superintendent's house, stables, barns, silos, cowsheds, pigsties, bridge, etc. The whole is expected to be finished in four or five months.

A second contingent of officers has been dispatched to Java, where our work seems to be in a prosperous condition at present.

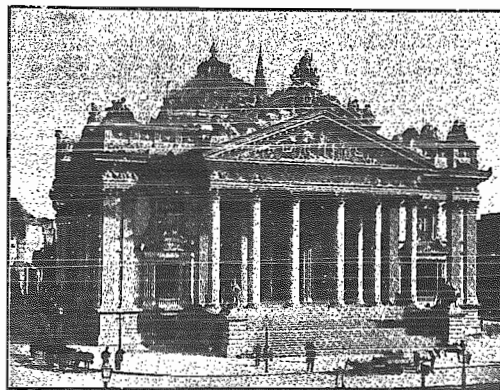


The Secretary of State for India has received the following telegram from the Viceroy: "Although the harvest is very poor it is giving temporary employment in Central Provinces, hence

poor of the city. Hence this splendid offer, the acceptance of which has received the sanction of the Chief of the Staff.



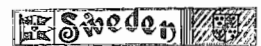
In relating some remarkable experiences in spiritual work during his stay in this country, Adj. Johnson gives the following instance: "I remember one case in particular. It was when I was stationed at Port Elizabeth. As usual, there was a good crowd and much interest in the meeting. A woman was sitting in the audience with her husband and child. She was laboring under deep conviction, and finally under a rush for the pentecost form. Her husband was furious. He threw her cloak at her, snatched the child up and went out of the hall.



THE BOURSE, BRUSSELS.

a decrease in number on works. In Bihar decrease in number on works is due to similar cause and to stricter regulations. Distress is increasing in Hyderabad, which reports numbers for first time. Number of persons in receipt of relief 3,913,000. In spite of the relief given by harvesting operations, this is an increase of nearly 120,000 on last week's total.

The mortality in Bombay is unprecedentedly high, and now reaches 400 daily. 10,230 persons died in the city last month. The plague is raging, and small-pox, dysentery, and the other diseases are epidemic among the refugees from the famine districts.



The Municipal Authorities of Gottenburg, the second largest city in Sweden, have offered Commissioner Oliphant a magnificent building, formerly in use as a hospital, for a Young Men's Home. The building is a remarkably fine one. It contains twenty-five rooms, spacious corridors, and is surrounded by an immense courtyard. We anticipate being able to accommodate one hundred young men. The offer is for five years, free of rent. Our Social work in the city has made a deep impression on the authorities, and they are convinced of our special ability for dealing with the

was always kept loaded. He got out of bed and seized the gun with the intention of blowing out his brains. He pulled the trigger, but no report followed. Examining the gun he found that somebody had unloaded it. He paced the floor until daylight, his poor wife nearly distracted by his strange conduct. Then he made his way to our quarters, and after praying with him for some time he was converted. He and his wife both became soldiers of the corps, and afterwards officers."



Commissioner Ouchterloney has just dedicated, at Lahrvig, a new Rescue or Life Boat, intended for the salvation and relief of fishermen and sailors in stormy weather. Under very striking circumstances the flag was raised to the masthead in a terrible snow-storm on the west coast of Norway.

NEWMARKET NEWS.

Lieut.-Col. Margetts' Visit—Farewell of Ensign and Mrs. Wynn.

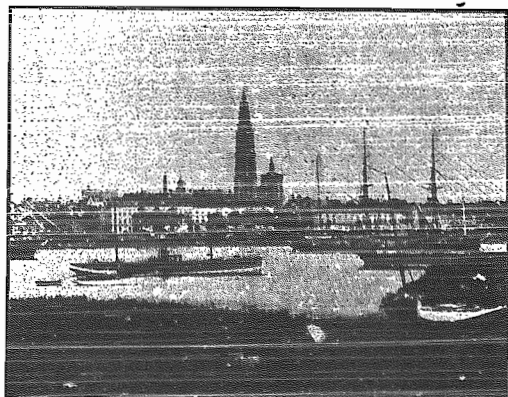
For the past week we have had considerable conflicting experience—both joy and sorrow. Last Friday night we had the joy and pleasure of having Lieut.-Colonel Margetts and Staff-Capt. Manton, from Headquarters, conduct a special spiritual meeting. The audience was not large owing to the inclement weather. Their visit was much appreciated by those who were in attendance.

Another gratifying pleasure: Since Ensign and Mrs. Wynn came to Newmarket the Junior work has made sweeping strides. Five months ago the average attendance of Juniors was five, and now they number 24 average. The work is going on beautifully.

20 souls have sought salvation and have been enrolled as Salvationists. Bless the Lord! The regular attendance at the meetings is much increased; War Crys all sold out by Saturday; no corps liabilities. Ensign and Mrs. Wynn farewelled Sunday night. The sorrow of the audience surpassed anything I have seen in this corps. The officers were truly beloved by all.

A farewell banquet held on Tuesday night was largely attended. Quite a number of corps officials and outsiders expressed their regrets at their having to leave. Altogether the banquet was quite a success. Proceeds £20.40. God bless the Ensign and his loving family.—Yours truly for Christ, A.H.

The word of God has come to every man! This is as certain as air and water rush into vacant spaces—for God is everywhere. The sea-shell may not be conscious of the continuous roar within it, nor the soul of the senseless, resounding voice of God, but it comes to you as clearly as to Samuel or to John.—C. F. Goss, D.D.



THE QUAYS OF ANTWERP, BELGIUM.

HUSTLERS RENDEZVOUS.

Ernest Enterprise being absent, one of his inferiors makes a brave attempt to substitute his weekly observations on the Hustlers' competition.

The Pacific Province is conspicuous by its absence. Being charitably disposed (somebody paid me a debt of long standing) I presume that snow-drifts, land-slides, or other circumstances beyond human control prevented the list from reaching us.

Major Pickering certainly keeps the Eastern Star well to the front. One hundred and twelve boomers is an excellent total. Such splendid effort deserves every recognition, and I strongly recommend that he be presented with a Blood-and-Fire moustache-cup. That would be a splendid reminder, three times a day, as he puts the stimulating beverage to his antipathetic lips, that only a continual hot and strong effort can keep anything up to the mark—even the Hustlers' List. Eternal vigilance is the price of Hustlers' leadership.

Brigadier Howell continues to be in the lead among the Ontario Provinces. He has 91 Hustlers this week. Well done, but there ought to be 100.

Nigger is lacking. Why, Mag has agents got on the back of him. How great must be the poor horse's humiliation, but "let not mine enemies rejoice," is Brigadier Gaskin's consolation. He will not stay at the bottom for long. No—not he!

The North-West is coming on—while the Pacific is off! Bless them both. Good-bye!—Jack Makeshift.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

112 Hustlers.

Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay	139
Capt. Ryan, Truro	130
Sergt. Veinot, Halifax II.	126
Jennie McQueen, Moncton	125
Capt. Piercey, Sydney	120
Capt. Bowyer, Westville	105
Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth	104
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	103
Mrs. Santuca, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Santuca, Hamilton	100
Capt. Wilson, Charlottetown	99
Cadet Chandler, St. John I.	87
Adj. McNamara, Charlottetown	86
Lieut. Jones, Woodstock	80
Lieut. Murrough, North Sydney	80
Bro. Reed, St. John I.	75
Cadet Deakin, Liverpool	70
P. M. Smith, Windsor	70
Lieut. Lehman, Stellarton	70
Capt. Kirk, St. John V.	70
Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, Fredericton	70
Cadet McLennan, St. John I.	65
Ensign Wright, St. John II.	64
Lieut. Veinot, Houlton	62
Sergt. D'Long, Summerside	60
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Cadet Dwyer, Charlottetown	56
Lottie Smith, Halifax II.	55
Adj. Byers, St. John III.	54
Lieut. Hawbold, Digby	53
Sergt. Lsbans, Fredericton	52
Capt. Clark, Antigonish	50
Lieut. Pemberton, Annapolis	50
Capt. Green, Sussex	50
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Ensign Jennings, Springfield	50
Capt. Perry, St. John III.	50
Lieut. Nettleton, Antigonish	50
Capt. Laws, St. Stephen	50
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen	50
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Chatham	50
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's	50
Capt. Goodwin, Somerset	50
Capt. Bell, St. George's	49
Capt. Fleming, Hamilton	49
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	46
Capt. Lamont, Halifax I.	45
Capt. Tudge, Pictou	45
Ensign H. H. Ebbary, Annapolis	45
Lieut. Cameron, Canby	45
Ensign Larder, Chatham	45
A. Ramie, Bridgetown	44
Ellen Ramie, Bridgetown	44
Capt. C. Allan, Carleton	44
Sister Lovey, Carleton	44
Capt. Pitcher, Springfield	43
Sergt. Hawkins, Yarmouth	42

Capt. Fancey, Pictou	41
Trens. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	40
E. Kent, Bear River	35
Lieut. Hebb, Hampton	35
Capt. Bradbury, Fredericton	35
Capt. Brown, New Glasgow	34
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	33
Lieut. McLeod, Sussex	33
Ensign Knight, Chatham	33
Capt. A. E. Armstrong, North Head	31
Capt. Welch, Woodstock	30
Sergt. Pike, Houlton	30
Leah Round, Summerside	30
Capt. Mercer, Liverpool	30
Capt. Brown, North Sydney	30
Capt. Clark, Kenville	30
Lieut. Peckham, Kentville	30
Capt. Doyle, Sydney Mines	30
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Carleton	29
Sergt. S. Holden, Windsor	28
Lieut. Brown, Pictou	28
Bro. Kimball, Fredericton	28
Sergt. Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow	25
Capt. Hutt, Hillsboro	25
Lieut. Murrough, Hillsboro	25
Mrs. W. Bowden, Dartmouth	25
Lieut. McIvor, Bridgewater	25
Capt. McEachern, Bridgewater	25
Sergt. England, Chatham	25
Mrs. Squires, Springfield	25
Lieut. E. F. Farn, Carleton	25
Lieut. N. Smith, Lunenburg	25
Sgt. Ellis, Charlottetown	23
Sims. Key, Moncton	22
Capt. O. Clark, Bridgewater	22
Adj. Fraser, Moncton	21
Sergt. J. G. Ferguson, Carleton	21
Cand. Weasley, New Glasgow	21
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	21
Lieut. C. Tatem, North Head	21
Capt. Leadley, Lunenburg	20
Sister J. Sturham, Windsor	20
Sister Aldridge, New Glasgow	20
Sergt. M. Beatty, Fredericton	20
Mrs. McDow, Dartmouth	20
C. Brown, Westville	20
Bendman, McDonald, Westville	20
E. Johnson, St. John V.	20
T. Tilley, St. John II.	20
L. Phillips, Glace Bay	20
Maud Wilson, Halifax I.	20
Carrie Conway, Halifax I.	20
Capt. Jackson, Newcasttle	20
Capt. Miller, Fairville	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London	206
Capt. Szilth, Woodstock	205
Mrs. Bateman, Stratford	118
Lieut. Knuckie, Brantford	115
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	113
Mrs. M. Richards, Brantford	113
Mrs. Benn, Petrolia	110
Ensign Green, Windsor	102
Capt. Huntington, Leamington	100
Lieut. Pye, Sarnia	100
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	94
Lieut. Nelson, Guelph	89
Mrs. Dixon, St. Thomas	82
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	72
Capt. Green, Windsor	72
Capt. Coy, Essex	70
Capt. Stirling, Windsor	67
Mrs. Golding, Stratford	67
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	64
Lieut. Plant, Clinton	62
Capt. Freeman, Strathroy	62
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Strathroy	62
Mrs. Cooper, Windsor	62
Ensign Slot, Dresden	60
Sgt. Gifford, Simcoe	60
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Sister Huffman, Woodstock	60
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	56
Daisy, Galt, Berlin	55
Mrs. Dexter, Petrolia	50
Mrs. McGulgan, Blenheim	50
Lieut. Crawford, Hespeler	50
Capt. Henter, Tilsonburg	47
Mrs. Schwartz, Galt	47
Sergt. Erb, Berlin	46
Lieut. Edwards, Paris	46
Ensign Branigan, Sarnia	45
Capt. Mathers, St. Thomas	45
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	45
Lieut. Tingley, Norwich	44
Ensign Wakefield, London	44
Capt. Crawford, Chilton	44
Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg	43
Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgeway	41
Lieut. Bishop, Listowel	40
Sergt. E. H. Ebbary, Annapolis	40
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Capt. Hockly, Norwich	35
Mrs. Harris, London	35
Capt. Haley, Ridgeway	35
Annie O'Donnell, Galt	32
Paula, Galt, Berlin	32
Bro. Golding, Stratford	31
G. Simpson, Guelph	31
Capt. Wiseman, Bothwell	30

Capt. Copeman, Theford	30
Mrs. Steel, Petrolia	30
Mrs. Shepherd, Drayton	30
Capt. Keeler, Guelph	30
Ensign Simpson, Guelph	30
Mrs. Dowell, Blenheim	30
Sergt. Dearing, Hespeler	30
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll	29
Capt. Coe, Hespeler	27
Capt. Burton, Paris	27
Lieut. Williams, Palmerston	27
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll	26
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield	25
M. Benn, Wallaceburg	25
Capt. McCutcheon, Seaforth	25
Capt. Green, Ridgeway	25
Sister McQueen, London	25
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	21
C. C. Clark, St. Thomas	23
Geo. Pulver, London	23
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	23
Thompson, Seaforth	22
Capt. Gibson, Paris	21
Mrs. Burns, Dresden	20
Capt. Bonny, Forest	20
Lieut. Penney, Forest	20
Mrs. Jackson, Galt	20
Sadie Irwin, Simcoe	20
Adj. Mitchell, Chatham	20
S. Rumble, Blenheim	20
Capt. White, Ingersoll	20
Maud Dwyer, Galt	20
Ed. Keomun, Galt	20
Capt. Williams, Galt	20
J. Flemming, London	20
S. M. Rose, Hespeler	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Capt. Mumford, Ottawa	150
Sergt. Duddy, Ottawa	150
Capt. O'Neil, St. Albans	105
Lieut. Ludlow, St. Albans	105
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Pictou	105
Capt. St. John, Pictou	100
Lieut. Thompson, Gananoque	100
Capt. Brown, Burlington	100
Adj. Kendall, Belleville	98
Capt. Macree, Campbellford	92
Lieut. Adair, Campbellford	92
Capt. French, Kingston	92
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	91
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Veal, Barre	90
Capt. Burch, Brockville	80
Lieut. Yanaw, Brockville	75
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	75
Capt. Woods, Morrisburg	73
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	70
Adj. Kendall, Belleville	69
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	65
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	65
Cadet Hicks, Newport	62
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	60
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	60
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	60
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope	60
Lieut. McEwen, Barrie	59
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barrie	59
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	59
Capt. Grose, Prescott	50
Capt. Comstock, Cobourg	50
Lieut. Lang, Cobourg	50
Lieut. Carter, Burlington	49
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	45
Sergt. Perkins, Barre	41
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	42
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	42
Mrs. Capt. Erdington, Peterboro	42
Mrs. Stone, Leedsfield	40
Mrs. Burk, Belleville	40
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	40
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke	40
Mrs. Capt. Bearehall, Tweed	37
Capt. Buss, Fergus	37
Lieut. Langford, Arnprior	35
Bro. Newel, Barre	35
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	35
Mrs. Hippner, Montreal II.	33
Capt. Avey, Sherbrooke	32
Capt. Pitzer, Sherbrooke	32
Capt. Bloss, Quebec	32
Capt. Dawson, Coaticook	30
Lieut. Cook, Coaticook	30
Mrs. Pearson, Napanee	30
Sister Rogers, Sherbrooke	30
Sergt. Cogger, Kingston	30
Lieut. Croser, Cornwall	30
Minnie Cayer, Burlington	25
Capt. Green, Perth	25
Capt. Carter, Port Hope	25
Lieut. Norman, Toronto	25
Sister Bogle, Montreal I.	25
Willie Williams, Montreal I.	25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Capt. Huxtable, Fred	22
Capt. Harrison, Peterboro	22
P. S. M. Mearsh, St. Johnsbury	22
Bro. True, Peterboro	20
Sister Wright, Peterboro	20
Lieut. Hickman, Sudbury	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
P. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	20
Lieut. Veir, Millbrook	20
Capt. Wain, Bloomfield	20
Dad Duggan, Port Hope	20
Sister Rabey, Port Hope	20
Capt. Wilson, Perth	20
Capt. Slater, Renfrew	20
Bro. Vatcher, Quebec	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

72 Hustlers.

Mrs. Schwarzfanger, Lindsay	100
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	100
Mrs. Pearce, Temple	100
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Newmarket	84
Capt. Wilson, Parry Sound	67
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	65
Adj. Wiggins, Barrie	60
Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St.	60
Capt. Chuk, Owen Sound	55
Lieut. Gustafson, Hamilton Bay	50
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	50
Capt. Hanna, Aurora	50
Travis, Evelyne, Oshawa	50
Sister Lightheart, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Barker, Menford	50
Capt. Darnach, Newmarket	50
Capt. Capper, Richmond St.	50
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	50
Cadet Phillips, Lippincott	48
Cadet Price, Lippincott	48
Cadet Hille, Lippincott	48
Lieut. Greavett, Orillia	45
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	41
S. M. Thompson, Hamilton I.	41
Capt. Fisher, Sudbury	40
Lieut. Reynolds, Newmarket	40
Capt. Phillips, Lippincott	40
Capt. Warren, Temple	40
Capt. Connors, Dundas	40
Lieut. Penock, Dundas	40
Capt. Poole, Chesley	40
Mrs. Parker, Hamilton I.	40
Lieut. Edwards, Newmarket	40
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	38
Capt. Charlton, Barrie	37
Sister Gibbs, Yorkville	37
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	35
Capt. Greenway, Temple	35
Cadet Hille, Temple	35
Capt. Reunie, Sudbury	34
Capt. Liston, Uxbridge	33
Capt. Craig, Hamilton I.	32
Father Dixon, Temple	30
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	30
Lieut. Stickels, Huntsville	30
Capt. Huskinson, Midland	30
Mrs. Rustin, Lisgar St.	30
Sister Brown, Hamilton I.	30
Lieut. Marskell, Oshawa	25
Capt. Bowers, Newmarket	25
Sergt. Pearce, Richmond St.	25
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	25
Sister Currell, Temple	25
Capt. Howcroft, Penelon Falls	21
Mrs. J. Hawick, Lindsay	24
Capt. Gravel, Newmarket	22
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	22
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	22
Capt. Richmond, Bracebridge	21
Sergt. Tuck, Lisgar St.	20
Maud Carter, Penelon Falls	20
Capt. Brook, Richmond	20
Capt. Young, Brooklin	20
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Capt. McCann, Oshawa	20
Lieut. Patterson, Oshawa	20
Mrs. Harker, Hamilton II.	20
Titlie Goo, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Porter, Hamilton II.	20
Capt. Rose, Yorkville	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

42 Hustlers.

Cadet E. Gamble, Winnipeg	180
Lieut. Nettall, Winnipeg	129
Capt. Myers, Calgary	100
Capt. Bunsen, Fargo	80
Sister A. Cook, Fargo	70
Capt. Hammond, Jamestown	70
Lieut. McLeod, Medicine Hat	68
Lieut. Hagen, Brandon	64
Bro. Walter, Harvey, Valley City	60
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	52
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Carman	50
Capt. Drayton, Jamestown	49
Capt. Woodworth, Prince Albert	48
Cadet Scott, Rat Portage	48
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks	48
Lieut. Lenwick, Edmonton	45
Mrs. Harker, Carberry	45
Sergt. Penfold, Lethbridge	41
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge	40
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	40
Capt. W. K. Edmonton	40
Cadet Bristow, Rat Portage	40
Sister Mary, Mrs. Curtis, Portage	40
La Prairie	40
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	40
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Morden	38
Lieut. Ferguson, Lishon	38
Cadet Hardy, Rat Portage	32
Capt. Vlach, Lethbridge	32
Capt. Ferguson, Brandon	32
Lieut. E. Custer, Minot	30
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	30
Capt. Hall, Virden	29
Capt. Halstein, Minnedosa	29
Capt. Drayton, Jamestown	28
Cadet Quist, Rat Portage	28
Capt. Herringshaw, Devil's Lake	28
Ensign Taylor, Valley City	28
Lieut. Emberton, Moosomin	25
Mrs. Harker, Carberry	25
Capt. Westcott, Fargo	25
Capt. Mercer, Regina	23
Capt. Lloyd, Lishon	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

5 Hustlers.

Sergt. Lane, St. Johns 111 (av.) . . . 28
 Caud. Wiltshire, Heret's Delight . . . 32
 Sergt. M. Ebsary, St. Johns 1 . . . 32
 Sergt. Hestle Hiseock, St. Johns 1 . . . 32
 Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, St. Johns 1 . . . 25



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer inquiries about rules and regulations, discipline, and business, as far as this is necessary for spiritual growth, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the readers of the paper. Write us frankly. Whenever a reply is such that it should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We will not use your name in print, but all enquirers should sign their full name and address, as a matter of good faith.

H. P.—Thanks for your letter. We shall be pleased to do as you suggest. We are always glad to receive criticisms and suggestions made in such evident Christian spirit.

M. R. Lamaline, Nfld.—**QUERY:** 1. Is a man a Christian who imports goods by stealth to avoid paying the duty imposed by the Government? **ANSWER:** Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, etc. (Matt. xxii, 21.) 2. **QUERY:** If such an act is wrong, and a man has been guilty of it before his conversion, is it sufficient for him, after getting saved, to sin no more, or ought he to make restitution? **ANSWER:** He ought to make a confession to the respective Government authority which should have received the duties on the goods, and make such restitution as he is able to make.

Wm. Farrow, Methuen, N.S.—**QUERY:** What was the name of the king of Jericho who resisted at the time the city was taken by Joshua? **ANSWER:** The name of the king is not mentioned in the Bible anywhere, to our knowledge; and as we do not believe much could be gained by knowing it, we have not searched in other literature for it.

Sellie (aged five)—Our family is awfully exclusive. Is yours?
 Hestie (aged four)—No, indeed. We haven't anything to be ashamed of."

War is possible only because in man have not the imagination to realize its horrors. Were they able to do that they would shrink from it as they do from private murder. Philadelphia North American.

Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose, and you know not how much you may accomplish.—Wm. M. Taylor.

Joel Stratton, a humble shoemaker in Worcester, Mass., was the man who induced John B. Gough to sign the pledge, in 1813. If this plain man had not done his duty the world would have lost the most eloquent advocate the temperance cause ever had.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
 JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
 PROPERTY DEEDS?
 MORTGAGES?
 INSURANCES, &c.
 LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, &c.
 MORTGAGES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Stinson, B. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. Small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

Our First Convert IN SKAGWAY, ALASKA.

By ADJT. MCGILL.

Henry Dietrichson, the subject of our sketch, was born in Norway, about four miles from Christiansia, in the town of Drammen. His parents were Lutherans, and no doubt sought to instill in young Henry's mind the truths of Christianity, but he, at an early age, evinced a determination to gratify the desires of his heart, regardless of the restraints placed upon him by the church. His brothers were engaged in the book-binding business, so, naturally, he shifted into that occupation. Owing to a fall in the trade he sought fresh fields, came to New York, where he spent his earnings in riotous living. Owing to sickness he was obliged to return to his native land. Some time after he went to Germany and in Berlin found books and lived a dissipated life. Sometimes he saw the Salvation Army but was not at all interested in what they had to say.

Vieding to the promptings of an unsatisfied heart, he again crossed the Atlantic, and this time also the American Continent. At Victoria, B. C., he obtained work at his trade. Here the Army attracted him, and every night found him at the barracks, although he could understand very little of the language, yet sufficient

To Become Converted of Sin.

Often he would still the uneasy feeling by resorting to his beer.



EVANGELINE BOOTH

Being a Synopsis of the Social Operations of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America for 1899.

PRICE 15 CENTS

joyless expression was gone as he rose up, and, thank God, never returned.

One night before retiring, feeling that his refuge was in God, he asked that the way might be opened for him that he might get work. This was a new step for Henry, and he sweetly rested in God's faithfulness. Next morning before he was up a knock aroused him.

Work was Offered.

With a light heart away he goes, and, after some weeks, returned bright and happy.

At the first enrolment he took his stand under the Blood-and-Fire Flag, and nightly he carries it on those streets where he spent so many miserable days, so that others, as sad and despairing as he was, may understand that there is salvation for them.

The drinking and gambling still goes on without abatement, and in its train the inevitable heartbreaks and poverty. Mothers weep over boys whose love for mother and home has grown less and less since they began to spend their earnings down town. Wives, whose hot tears tell what their husbands refuse to divulge, struggle on with heavy hearts because of the estrangement that some rival affection has produced.

Children, fast losing that simplicity which is their charm and beauty, exposed to the chill current of these evils, acquire a hardness of expression, a cunningness of disposition, and a distaste for the things of God. Oh, truly hell and damnation lie in the wake of this modern evil.

Thank God, the Army's first convert stands firm as a rock in the midst of this sea of recklessness and sin.



To Parents, Relations and friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; believed and, as far as possible, and wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second insertion.

News wanted regarding the relatives of one ALEXANDER TANGHER, of TAUGHER, of Vancouver, B. C. Father and sister supposed to be in England, and brother James in Australia. Any information welcome. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HOLT, MRS RICHARD (PENDLEBURY). Last known address Billings P. O., near Ottawa, Ont. Age 49, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair. Husband a farmer. Mother dead. Father anxious to hear from her. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Montreal District

Local Officers and Bandsmen were commissioned by the Chancellor at No. 1, recently, and a fine staff of men and women they are. No wonder Ensign Williams' face beamed with delight, as he looked upon them.

Brigadier Piquette's united welcome meeting at Point St. Charles, on Saturday night, was inspiring. In spite of heavy storm on the Sunday, meetings at No. 1, were well attended, and one capture made for the Kingdom.

This was the start of the Siege, and on Monday the Brigadier met all the officers of the city for a meeting and tea, which was followed at night by a united soldiers' meeting. This meeting will long be a green spot in the memory of those present. It was a soul-warmer, sure enough. Everybody seemed to get a lift spiritually, and Montreal will feel the effects of that meeting. God gave the Brigadier great liberty in reading the word, and our hearts were gladdened to see a long row of men and women kneeling at the Mercy Seat, consecrating themselves to God for the soul-saving work.

Oh, dear, what shall I do? My feet are freezing! These words were spoken by a poor half-blind victim of drink—a woman—as she stood shivering in the street. The thermometer registered 19° below zero. Needless to say, she was brought to our barracks, and afterwards taken to one of our homes in the city, where she is now recovering.



1052 Help Me to Fight.

Tune.—B. B. 15.

1 Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
Till we march by the river of light?
Where the Lamb leads His hosts free from care,
All robed in their garments of white.

Chorus.

Everywhere, everywhere; who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?

Oh, think of the fiends everywhere
Who on man's ruined nature have trod.

Of the curses that breathe on the air
From souls wandering far from their God.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
For the terrible need I can see,
Many dying in sin everywhere
My Jesus alone can set free.

Lord, I Draw Nigh.

Tune.—B. B. 31.

2 Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er,
My heart by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more?

Now search me and try me, O Lord!
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry!
See, helpless I cling to Thy word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, Who gave;
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save.

Oh, Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy Blood for my cleansing I see.
And, asking in faith I receive
Salvation, full, present, and free.

Rejoice Evermore.

Tune.—Sweet by-and-bye (B.J. 28).

3 Let us shout, Hallelujah, again,
Never weary in praising our God
For His love even now is the same
As when first we were washed in the Blood.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord, Jesus saves!
Hallelujah for ever! Amen!

Let us always rejoice and be glad,
Never murmur, though fighting be

All the fetters that oppressed me
Now are riven, are riven;
With the precious Blood He blessed me,
This to me is heaven.

I will tell the wondrous story
Of His grace and love;
He has filled my soul with glory:
Praise the Lord above!

Come Home, Backslider.

Tune.—Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord.

6 Return, oh, wanderer, return,
And seek your Father's face,
Those new desires which in you burn
Were kindled by His grace.

Chorus.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

Return, oh, wanderer, return!
He hears your humble sigh;
He hears the softened spirit mourn
When no one else is nigh.

Return, oh, wanderer, return!
Your Saviour bids you live;
Come to His cross and you will learn
How freely He'll forgive.

Mercy for Thee.

Tune.—B. J. 15.

6 O Wanderer, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' loving face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace,

To thee Jehovah's Voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee,
There's mercy still for thee,

Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee whole.

There's mercy still for thee.

Long in the darkness thou hast strayed,
Away from joy and peace;

Thou hast these worldly pleasures tried,
But found them soon to cease.

Without one lingering ray of hope,
In anguish thou mayst be;

Oh, listen to the joyful sound,
There's mercy still for thee.

Though sins of years rise mountains high,
And would thy hopes destroy,

Thy Saviour's Blood can wash away
The stains, and bring thee joy.

Now, lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee;

While still the angels chant the strain,
"There's mercy still for thee!"

Our Solo.

A PLEA FOR THE DRUNKARD.

7 I have something now to say to you,
And you will admit before I am through

That what I am going to say is right and just,

For no matter where you be
There are mortals you will see,

On whom you gaze in horror and disgust.

Though the man on whom you frown
May be poor and broken down,
And rescued by poor misfortune to the wall,

Just lend to him a hand,
For you must understand
There is a God above Who died for all.

Chorus.

Then if you ever meet
A poor drunkard on the street,

Pity him, but don't condemn, I pray,
For 'twas rum that brought him low,
And his cup is filled with woe;

He may become a sober man some day.

Did you ever stop to think
That before he took to drink,
He may have been some mother's only boy?

Once so happy, bright, and free,
As he sat upon her knee;

'Twas then to him a life without alloy,
No doubt to him she said,
As she brushed his curly head,

"Some day, my boy, you'll rise to wealth and fame."

But, alas! poor mother's gone,
And the boy is broken down,
Through rum and beer he's brought to open shame.

Then, perhaps, his wife at home,
As she waits for him to come,
With broken heart her lot she does bewail.

As she prays to God above,
To look down on him in love,
And save her husband from going to the jail.

Then the children in the cot,
Sharing mother's wretched lot,
Perhaps through cold and hunger, fell asleep;

While the father drinking rum
In some tavern in the town,
His promise made to wife, he could not keep.



LIEUT. COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

Staff-Captain Manton,

will visit

Oshawa, Thursday, March 29.
Bowmanville, Friday, March 30.
Peterboro, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 31, April 1, 2.
Port Hope, Tuesday, April 3.
Colourg, Wednesday, April 4.
Belleville, Thursday, April 5.
Napanea, Friday, April 6.
Kingston, Sat. and Sun., April 7, 8.

LIEUT. COL. MRS. READ,

(The Rescue Secretary)

WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT SPECIAL SERVICES

ORILLIA, Sat., Sun. and Mon., April 7, 8, 9.

BARRE, Tuesday, April 10.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will conduct special meetings as follows

Iron St. (old No. 1), Saturday, March 24, to Sunday, April 1 (inclusive).

MAJOR PICKERING

will visit

St. John I., Sun. and Mon., April 1, 2.
J. S. ANNUAL.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Brooklin, Thursday, March 22.
Oshawa, Friday, March 23.
Bowmanville, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 24, 25, 26.
Oshawa, Tuesday, March 27.
Lindsay, Wednesday, March 28.

ENSIGN HOODINOTT.

Tilsonburg, Friday, March 23.
Norwich, Sat. and Sun., March 24, 25.
Woodstock, Mon. and Tues., March 26, 27.
Ingersoll, Wednesday, March 28.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Renfrew, Thursday, March 22.
Perth, Fri., Sat. and Sun., March 23, 24, 25.
Tweed, Mon. and Tues., March 26, 27.
Trenton, Wednesday, March 28.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Edmonton, Thurs. and Fri., March 22, 23.
Calgary, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 24, 25, 26.
Lethbridge, Wednesday, March 28.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.

Horr, Thursday, March 22.
Billings, Sat. and Sun., March 24, 25.
Red Lodge, Mon. and Tues., March 26, 27.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Windsor, Thursday, March 22.
Halifax I., Friday, March 23.
Dartmouth, Sat. and Sun., March 24, 25.
Halifax I., Monday, March 26.
Truro, Tuesday, March 27.
Stellarton, Wednesday, March 28.